THE LIVING AGE

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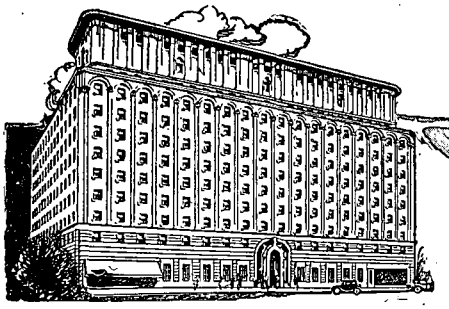

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THE GUIDE POST

AS NAVAL CORRESPONDENT of the London *Daily Telegraph*, Hector C. Bywater is generally recognized as the foremost British authority on naval matters. His discussion of the forthcoming conference at London was written ostensibly to present the European point of view on naval disarmament, but it closes with the radical suggestion that America, England, and Japan enter into a three-cornered gentlemen's agreement. Mr. Bywater is frankly skeptical about the possibilities of any five-power treaty.

Paul Scheffer, recently described by the Moscow correspondent of the *New York Times* as the ablest journalist in Russia, has been representing the *Berliner Tageblatt* there for many years. His attitude toward the Soviet authorities has been sympathetic to a degree, and as an intimate friend of the late Count Brockdorff-Rantzau, former German ambassador to Moscow, he was in a position to know what was going on behind the scenes. Some months ago, however, his attitude began to displease the powers that be in Moscow, and they refused to allow him to return to the country. Why that removal was called for his article very clearly shows, and it is unquestionably the most important—if not the most significant—analysis of the present position of Bolshevism that has been written in a long time. Beginning early this year, Herr Scheffer will represent the *Tageblatt* in America.

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S conference of business men and industrialists stirred the imagination of Europe as a characteristic piece of American efficiency. Georg Bernhard, editor of the influential *Vossische Zeitung*, takes the opportunity to discuss some of the deeper implications of the business depression in America and throws light not only on our own problems, but on the attitude of Germany toward the outer world. Since a new period of American investment abroad seems about to begin, his article should commend itself to many prospective security buyers.

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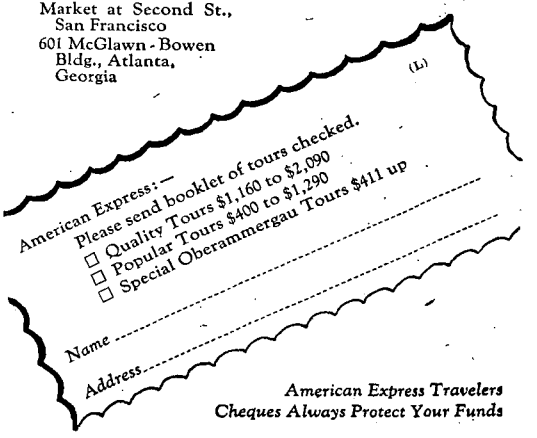

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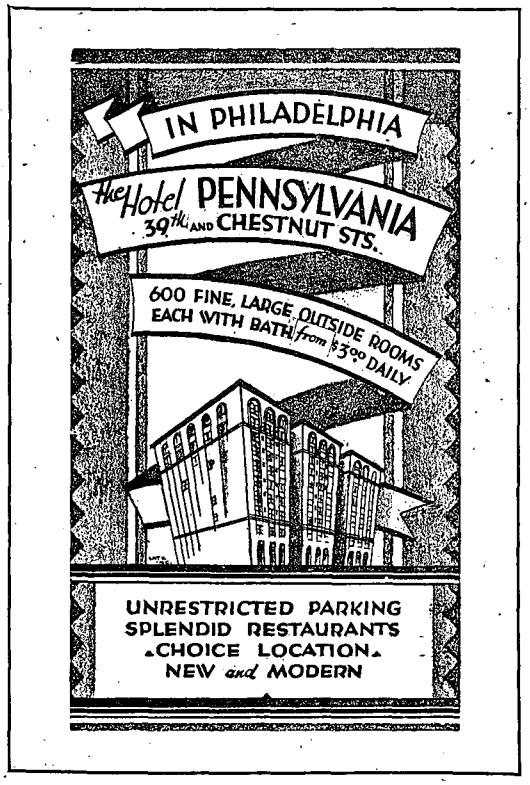

Nothing short of a miracle has occurred in Germany since 1923, and Stresemann was more responsible for it than any other man. Pierre Lafue, writing for a reactionary French review, naturally tends to magnify the extent of the German recovery, but the substance of his article is absolutely sound and, read in conjunction with Herr Bernhard's piece, it gives the impression that Germany will soon become what she was before the War, the outstanding Continental power.

Dr. Colin Ross has visited almost every country under the sun, and his reflections on Australia strike a nice balance between a straightforward description of travel and a somewhat more philosophic interpretation of a strange scene.

THE LITERARY ANARCHY that prevails to-day stimulates Hilaire Belloc, a devout Roman Catholic and a consistent traditionalist, to raise his voice in protest. He seems to agree with the Watch and Ward Society of Massachusetts that beauty and D. H. Lawrence do not walk hand in hand.

The career of Pablo Picasso parallels the development of most of the significant movements in modern art. First attracting attention as a Cubist, Picasso has moved from school to school, standing pretty nearly always at the head of the class. Ramón Gómez de la Serna, who outlines this typically Spanish artist's progress, is a member of the generation that was attaining maturity at the time of the Spanish-American War.

Even to a Frenchman, Munich hath charms. Robert Redslob—and no one would ever assume such a name, even in fun—describes the beer palaces and art centres of the Bavarian capital, leaving one with a thirst that might drive Senator Jones himself to drink.

ALTHOUGH we announced in our September 1st issue that we did not intend to include a frontispiece with every issue, this is the first number in which one has not appeared. We take advantage, therefore, of this breathing space to invite from our readers any comments they may care to make either in regard to the particular subjects so far chosen or in regard to the feature in general.

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded 1844 By E. Littell

JANUARY 15, 1930 VOLUME 337, NUMBER 4354

THE WORLD OVER

OUTSIDE THE UNITED STATES, hopes for the Naval Conference at London are not running very high. In Paris the prevailing trend of newspaper criticism is distinctly skeptical, while London is more inclined to dwell on those few benefits that may actually be realized. Hector C. Bywater's leading article on the subject, which contains a pretty complete summary of the French, Italian, and British positions, proposes a three-cornered gentlemen's agreement between Great Britain, Japan, and the United States, and the *Manchester Guardian*, after announcing that 'the coming Naval Conference is as important as any held since Versailles,' hopes for some general limitation of all fighting ships, including submarines. It attacks the French thesis that undersea craft constitute a defensive weapon, pointing to the aggressive uses to which the German U-boat was put during the Great War. It admits that the British attitude on this problem is selfish, because the submarine can threaten the very existence of England, and asks, 'Why should this terrible, commerce-destroying, civilian-killing, and essentially offensive weapon receive preferential treatment?'

The answer to this question has appeared many times over in the semi-official columns of *Le Temps*, which points out, with all the logic in

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CALENDAR OF EVENTS

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 18

RUSSIA and TURKEY sign a TWO-YEAR PROTOCOL of friendship exactly corresponding to the ENTENTE CORDIALE between FRANCE and ENGLAND before the WAR.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19

GERMAN CABINET yields to demands of DR. SCHACHT and will receive aid from the REICHSBANK instead of from an AMERICAN LOAN.

RAMSAY MACDONALD and PHILIP SNOWDEN receive the freedom of the CITY OF LONDON, an honor never before conferred on any members of the LABOR PARTY.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 20

GREGORI SOKOLNIKOV, the new RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR to LONDON, presents his credentials to the PRINCE OF WALES, KING GEORGE having refused to receive an emissary of the government responsible for the murder of his cousin, TSAR NICHOLAS.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21

Every MOSCOW NEWSPAPER devotes its first four pages to praising JOSEPH STALIN on the occasion of his fiftieth birthday.

GERMAN FINANCE MINISTER HILFERDING resigns.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 22

CHINESE and RUSSIAN DELEGATES sign PROTOCOL restoring status quo on CHINESE EASTERN RAILWAY and providing for a decisive conference on *January* 25th.

GERMAN NATIONALIST REFERENDUM to defeat the YOUNG PLAN polls 6,000,000 votes, 21,000,000 being required for ratification.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 23

DR. PAUL MOLDENHAUER, former MINISTER OF ECONOMICS, is appointed to fill HILFERDING'S position of FINANCE MINISTER in the GERMAN CABINET.

The WAFD (NATIONALIST) PARTY wins 225 of the 232 seats in the new EGYPTIAN PARLIAMENT.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 24

PRESIDENT IRIGOYEN is fired on by an ITALIAN ANARCHIST in the streets of BUENOS AIRES.

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the world, that there is no way of measuring the effectiveness of various naval weapons, since everything depends on circumstances:—

> No two powers in the world find themselves in exactly similar circumstances, and no two powers are in a position to use the same means to guarantee their security with absolute certainty and to meet all their obligations. One need only recall the difficulties that the English and Americans encountered in trying to arrive at complete equality for their fleets to become convinced that parity is a factitious formula if applied in a general manner to certain groups of powers. The mass of people in England and America may be so eager to maintain friendly relations that they have acquired illusions on this subject, and they may also be motivated by the no less lively desire to effect certain economies in regard to naval construction, without, of course, surrendering their mastery of the seas. But it would be out of the question to allow considerations of Anglo-American friendship to impose on other powers a reduction of armaments that would expose certain nations to grave dangers.

The attitude of the London *Times* is vaguer, but more hopeful. It seems willing enough to concede the necessity of the submarine, and it feels that real progress toward limitation of armaments and national economy will be made in the treatment accorded to the battleship.

SIR ERIC DRUMMOND, Secretary General to the League of Nations, has proposed that Italy and France enter into a Mediterranean agreement, similar to the Locarno Pact, which England will guarantee, an idea that the *Popolo d'Italia*, one of the leading Fascist ournals in Milan, greets with this outburst:—

> The Head of our Government has made a declaration that is without doubt the most honest, loyal, and practical statement on the subject of disarmament ever uttered. He has announced that Italy is disposed to accept the lowest figure in regard to armaments provided that it is not surpassed by any other continental power. It was a very loyal invitation to effectively practise disarmament with the precise promise that Italy would not seek privileges or raise obstacles. It clarified everything.
>
> Nevertheless, many voices were raised in the Paris press opposing a Franco-Italian agreement, with unjust inferences in respect to Italy. All arguments opposed to naval parity between the two nations are mechanical and artificial. Almost the entire French fleet has been concentrated in the Mediterranean for years. Certain Paris dailies have mentioned, to be sure, that France has an extra-Mediterranean coast, but this situation gives her an enormous advantage in allowing her free access to the seas, while Italy lies in an inclosed sea. And, although France could blockade Italy, Italy could not blockade France. It is this circumstance that makes naval parity imperative for Italy. Our nation is not aggressive, but because she is pacific she has a right to guarantee her own peace and to refuse to accept an inferior naval rank which might compromise her independence.
>
> We have to protect a merchant marine which is equal to that of France. It is a rich and powerful fleet, which constitutes the pride of our labor and represents an important force in our economy. This fleet cannot be abandoned to the dan-

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26

FRENCH CHAMBER votes to support BRIAND in the policy of RECONCILIATION toward GERMANY which he will follow at the SECOND HAGUE CONFERENCE.

The TARDIEU GOVERNMENT grants amnesty to LÉON DAUDET, who escaped from jail in *June*, 1927.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 27

CENTRAL POLITICAL COUNCIL of the NANKING GOVERNMENT announces that extraterritorial rights will be abolished on *January* 1st.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28

AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE COMPANIES are informed that FRANCE is planning to raise the TARIFF on foreign motor cars from 45 per cent to 90 per cent.

GERMANY and the UNITED STATES reach a special agreement, subject to the ratification of the YOUNG PLAN, whereby GERMAN reparations to AMERICA will be paid direct and not through the WORLD BANK.

FRENCH CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES votes to spend $132,000,000 for FRONTIER FORTIFICATIONS and AVIATION during the next five years. It also gives TARDIEU a free hand in the SECOND HAGUE CONFERENCE.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 29

PRIMO DE RIVERA declares that his DICTATORSHIP will be superseded during 1930 by another régime, which will form a connecting link between the present and the future government of SPAIN.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 31

The SPANISH AMBASSADOR in PARIS informs the FRENCH FOREIGN OFFICE that SPAIN will insist on an equal place with ITALY and FRANCE in any MEDITERRANEAN NAVAL CONFERENCE, but denies asking for a seat at the LONDON CONFERENCE.

ALL-INDIA NATIONAL CONGRESS supports GANDHI's resolution in favor of complete INDEPENDENCE from BRITAIN, only six representatives opposing the measure.

BRITISH FOREIGN OFFICE replies to CHINA's demand for abolition of EXTRATERRITORIALITY on *January* 1, 1930, by suggesting that immediate negotiations should be opened to settle the problem by gradual means.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 1

New POLISH CABINET, headed by former PREMIER BARTEL, assumes office.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 3

Second session of the HAGUE CONFERENCE opens.

MEXICO informs the LEAGUE SECRETARIAT that it will send a PERMANENT OBSERVER to GENEVA, thus becoming the first NON-LEAGUE NATION to maintain such a representative.

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gers of blockade and seizure. Peace is beautiful, as Hoover says, but at present it is simply an armed peace.

Naval parity is a condition of security for Italy, of life, of independence. We do not ask it for imperialistic reasons, for the defense of distant possessions, for the transport of blacks and Orientals, but for the life of a nation, for the guarantee of our Aryan, European, and most noble citizenship.

TWO LONG LEADING EDITORIALS in the *Japan Advertiser* sum up admirably the naval policy that Japan has followed for the past forty years and that she will continue to pursue at London. Admiral Kato, who represented his country at Washington, once said that the size of the Japanese fleet would vary with the sizes of other fleets, but that Japanese naval policy would never alter. This policy, defined as 'defensive parity,' is accounted for as follows by the *Japan Advertiser:*—

For defensive purposes the Japanese Navy must be strong enough to cope with any hostile fleet which might be sent to Japan, and to keep open the communications with her sources of food and vital supplies on the mainland of Asia. About one-fourth of Japan's foreign trade comes over the short sea routes in the China and Yellow Seas; her imports of coal, iron ore, rice, and beans follow those tracks, and other trade tracks converge into this area. Her principal long-distance routes are those across the Pacific to North America and round by Singapore and Suez to Europe. They are, in a sense, alternative routes and neither is by itself absolutely vital. The short sea routes are vital and there is no obvious alternative source for the supplies thus derived. If she lost command of the waters that connect her with Korea, Manchuria, and China, Japan would be almost as badly off as England if she lost the Channel and the North Sea. She would also require, in the event of war, access either to the North American or the European markets. Those are her purely defensive needs.

The line taken by the Japanese delegates at Washington is then described in these terms:—

The reasons which induced Japan to accept a sixty per cent ratio in capital ships at Washington must be borne in mind, for they will again influence her attitude at the forthcoming conference. What she asks is 'defensive parity.' At Washington, Admiral Kato agreed to a lower ratio than England and America because he recognized that Japan's remoteness was an element of security. When the difficulties of bringing a fleet across several thousand miles of sea are considered, Japan's seventy per cent fleet, in its home waters, is assumed to be as good as America's one hundred per cent fleet would be after it had crossed the Pacific. Seventy per cent was the ratio fixed by the Japanese experts, and sixty per cent was only agreed to after an understanding had been reached that no new naval bases facilitating the passage of warships would be constructed. As the 10,000-ton cruiser is designed as a long-range weapon, Japanese naval officers hold that a seventy per cent ratio is the lowest which confers defensive parity. Since the acceptance of a lower ratio is the clearest proof that can be given that Japan does not contemplate war against any of the other great naval powers, it seems difficult to argue that concession of her ratio in this class could impair the security of the others.

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The most determined opposition to a seventy per cent cruiser ratio for Japan is likely to come from Australia, because the British Navy, in order to meet the American conception of parity, will possess only fifteen 10,000-ton cruisers to America's eighteen. If Japan, therefore, is allowed to build to within seventy per cent of the American total, she will possess eighty-four per cent as many 10,000-ton cruisers as the British—and all of them will be in the Pacific Ocean.

FIRST IN THE MATTER of recognizing Russia and then in relation to the Draft Treaty with Egypt, the House of Lords lived up to Gilbertian standards and 'did nothing in particular and did it very well.' It was not, however, the fault of the Noble Lords that their overwhelming disapproval of the Labor Government's policy in these two fields proved so ineffective, for the progress of democratic institutions has reduced that once august body to something little better than a debating society whose opinions carry nothing but moral force. Nevertheless, on the subject of Egypt, heated words were spoken, especially by Lord Lloyd, who was virtually forced to resign his post as High Commissioner when Arthur Henderson succeeded Sir Austen Chamberlain in the Foreign Office. Certain passages in his outburst are distinctly worth quoting, coming as they do from a man with first-hand experience and definite views:—

> I would venture to suggest to you that the main cause for the alarm and preoccupation of so many of those who are familiar with Eastern affairs is not so much because of any single proposal or declaration in this treaty or that regarding this or that area of British interest in the East to-day, grave as each may be, but rather the cynicism and levity with which it is proposed to abandon vital strategic positions, to allow our position in great markets built up by the courage and enterprise of our people wantonly to be sacrificed, and helpless masses of people who have always looked to us for their protection abandoned and thrown back into conditions from which they were gradually being rescued and emancipated by the protection of British arms on the one hand and the patient and studied devotion of the great Civil Services on the other.
>
> I have spent the best part of my life in the East, and I care deeply for it, its peoples, and its problems. Let no one think that those who lightly press down the accelerator of democratic progress in the East are the true friends of its peoples; it is rather those of us who, in spite of misrepresentation and abuse, urge that it is by prudence that you will bring real and lasting progress, by law and order that you will get liberty, and by firm rule, affection and respect, who are the true friends of the East and its peoples.

If these words are as true as they are sincere, the Egyptian people must indeed be blind to their own welfare when they insist in electing to their Parliament only representatives of the party that most vigorously opposes everything for which Lord Lloyd stands.

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WILLIAM MARTIN, foreign editor of the *Journal de Genève*, has been making a trip through the Near East, in the course of which he visited the British mandate of Irak, arriving in Bagdad the very day the British Government announced its intention of withdrawing its control and advocating the admission of Irak to the League of Nations. This move, it appears, is the result of a carefully executed policy which began with the British high commissioner's enjoying almost absolute authority and ended with King Feisal in virtually complete control. While this shift of responsibility was being effected, the British saw to it that the right people were sent to Parliament, though they recognized all the time that a day would come when the nation at large might not care for a hand-picked legislature. For that reason, the high commissioners have always been close friends of the King and have been able to avoid any open breach between the supreme native authority and the supreme foreign official. Furthermore, British advisers have been installed in each ministry and, as M. Martin says, 'Though theoretically this ought not to have worked, owing to constant disputes and friction, in actual practice it functioned admirably.' His views on the admission of Irak to the League are worth quoting:—

> I arrived in Bagdad the day that the British Government promised to support the candidacy of Irak for the League of Nations. People here believe that England is omnipotent at Geneva and they believe that this promise decides the matter. At bottom, however, the League is not very popular here because it is associated with the idea of the mandate, which everyone detests. But they see in the admission of Irak a way of getting rid of the mandate and so they are willing to forget everything else. Independence, they see, is well worth attending mass for —and even a Calvinist mass at that! Nor is anyone in the least disturbed by the idea that Irak may not be enthusiastically welcomed at Geneva and the notion that Syria may prove a source of difficulty seems to have occurred to nobody.

THE ACTION OF LORD IRWIN, the Indian Viceroy, in conferring with Gandhi and Pandit Motilal Nehru on the eve of the Indian National Congress was stigmatized in the Tory *Morning Post* as a piece of conspicuously bad statesmanship. Not all the opposition press agrees with this point of view, but there is scarcely a Liberal or a Conservative journal which does not now recognize that Labor has made a poor start in India. The vague promise of 'dominion status' has unquestionably encouraged the native leaders to demand the impossible, and the only hope that the *Morning Post* can see is to pay no attention to their demands:—

> Everyone who knows India knows very well that, if the Government were to stand firm, encourage the loyal, and discountenance the disloyal, nothing of much consequence would happen. India is a singularly difficult country to set on fire, since it is not to any large extent urban and industrial, and its villages,

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where most of its population resides, are isolated communities. There would be hartals; there might be riots; the cotton mills might be closed down for a week or two; but over India as a whole life would continue in its placid course. But, even if we are wrong, and worse should happen, it would still, in our judgment, be better to face it than run away. For, however far we run, we shall never run far enough to satisfy the 'aspirations' of the Indian National Congress.

RUMORS HAVE BEEN GOING around in Paris that the French Government and the Vatican have been engaged in negotiations regarding religious instruction in state schools. An official denial at once followed these reports, but it seemed hardly necessary, as no government would be likely to dare to attempt a repeal of the present Separation Law, though there is reason to believe that other subjects have been discussed. *Excelsior*, an independent daily paper, has published, on what it declares to be official authority, a summary of the new proposed arrangements. Pius X had never recognized the Separation Law, but the present Pope has accepted this law, and has now permitted the Roman Catholics to form 'public-worship associations,' into whose hands certain previously confiscated property has now been transferred. The French Government is also to restore to Church ecclesiastics their precedence at public functions, a procedure, indeed, that was actually followed in the case of Marshal Foch's funeral. The Vatican, for its part, has agreed not to appoint any French bishops without first obtaining the consent of the Government, and already, in its condemnation of the *Action Française* and in its official discouragement of the home-rule movement in Alsace, the papacy has shown its willingness to coöperate with the authorities of the Third Republic.

GERMANY'S DOMESTIC POLITICS will be profoundly affected by the failure of the Hugenberg Referendum on the Young Plan. Even before the voting occurred, a split had developed in the ranks of the Nationalists, many of whom are now likely to ally themselves with the People's Party that Dr. Stresemann once led. In this way there is every chance that an intelligent opposition group will be formed, a group not only capable of putting the present Coalition Cabinet on its mettle, but also able to give the country a sound alternative government. Such a state of affairs would constitute an innovation in German political life, for up till now the only consistent opposition with which any government has had to reckon has come from the two extremist groups of Nationalists and Communists. Nor will the shift weaken the position of the Socialists. Already the strongest single party in the country, they are likely to gain rather than to lose recruits as a result of this new alignment.

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WHATEVER MOTIVES MAY HAVE PROMPTED the individual who attempted to assassinate President Irigoyen of the Argentine on the day before Christmas, the incident brings to the fore a state of affairs that has already resulted in bloodshed. Some six weeks before the President was fired upon, Dr. Carlos W. Lencinas, former Governor of the Province of Mendoza, was shot down and killed at a political rally directed against that wing of the Radical Party which Irigoyen leads. What has happened in the Argentine is that the Radical Party, that controls both Chambers of Parliament, has split into two factions, the *Personalistas* and the *Antipersonalistas*. The President, who heads the former group, has been making himself quite unpopular by various high-handed measures, which would correspond in the United States to an undue interference of federal authorities in state and municipal affairs. A leading editorial in *El Sol* of Madrid, which follows South American affairs closely, but with a certain detachment, describes the present situation as follows:—

> The Argentine system of government is passing through a critical phase. No doubt its salvation could be brought about if the two wings of the Radical Party could rally around a definite and concrete programme. But this hypothesis is utterly impossible to realize after Irigoyen's triumph at the polls and as long as he continues in power. Only a Conservative leader—and there are virtually none left—could accomplish it, for then the two Radical wings would find themselves facing a common foe. But since this eventuality cannot occur and since the present crisis is becoming more and more complicated, only time can tell what surprises are in store for us. Generally speaking, any political occurrence will be aggravated by the inexplicable lack of cohesion and substance that characterizes the Radical Party.

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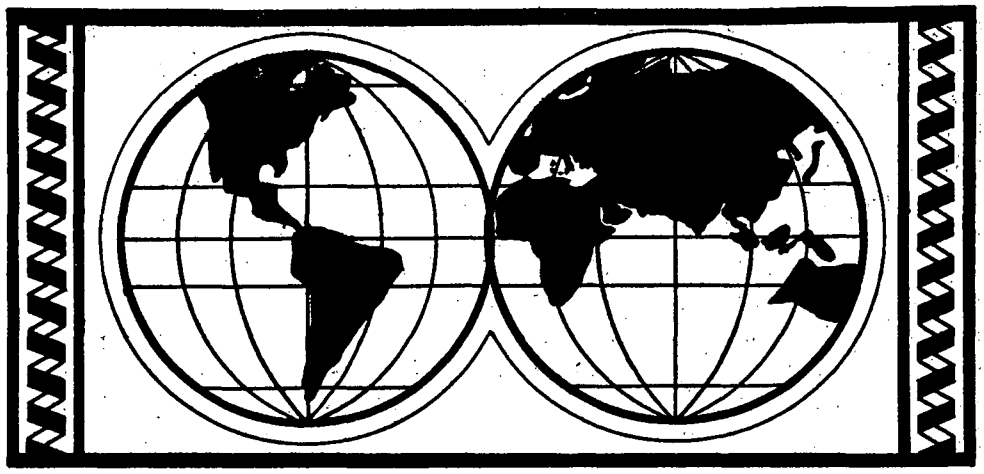

THE LONDON NAVAL CONFERENCE

America's Great Opportunity

By Hector C. Bywater

From the *Nineteenth Century and After*, London Political and Literary Monthly

DURING THE THIRD WEEK in January the London Five-Power Naval Conference is to begin its deliberations. How long these will continue, and what their outcome will be, no one can predict with assurance. Both in London and in Washington, but more especially in the American capital, a feeling of optimism appears to prevail, not without some reason. Thanks in part to the spadework performed by the late Unionist Government, and in part to the joint endeavors of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and President Hoover, all serious differences on the naval tonnage question as between the British Empire and the United States have been composed. Save for a minor divergence of opinion as to the number of heavy cruisers to be retained by each, they appear to be in close accord, and since the remaining difference is a matter of two or three ships only, there should be no difficulty in coming to terms across the conference table.

Japan, from all accounts, is anxious to do her share in making the conference a success. She is in sympathy with Anglo-American views on the postponement of capital-ship replacement and the limitation of so-called 'auxiliary' craft—that is, cruisers, destroyers, and submarines—

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but has made it clear that she expects preferential treatment in regard to such auxiliary tonnage. Under the Washington Treaty her capital-ship strength is restricted to 60 per cent of the British and the American total, but it has been semi-officially intimated that in any agreement establishing ratios for auxiliary craft she will expect to be granted 70 per cent. Here, again, the difference is not so marked as to rule out the probability of a settlement. Indeed, were the forthcoming conference limited to the three principal naval powers, its success would be a foregone conclusion.

FOR obvious reasons, however, no scheme for the reduction of naval armaments can be of permanent value unless it embraces all the important maritime states. It is to be gathered from Washington dispatches that the United States Government, failing a new Five-Power Treaty of limitation, would be satisfied with an Anglo-American-Japanese pact. That may well be so. The only navies that really interest the United States are the British and Japanese; the strength of other fleets is, to her, a matter of comparative indifference. Japan, also, would doubtless be agreeable to a trilateral pact, concerned as she is mainly, if not solely, with the strength of the British and American fleets. Consequently, should it prove impossible to draft a treaty embracing all the five conference powers, pressure is likely to be brought to bear on Great Britain, both from Washington and Tokyo, to induce her to enter into a three-power agreement.

To this, however, there are grave objections. Unlike the United States and Japan, Great Britain lies in close geographical proximity to several countries possessing formidable naval armaments, which must, therefore, be a matter of abiding interest to her. Even if we ignore the Channel and the North Sea, can it be pretended that the balance of power in the Mediterranean is not a subject of vital concern to the whole Empire? There has been talk in Washington—and one regrets to see it echoed in certain quarters at home—of 'safeguarding clauses' which, inserted in a tripartite agreement, would meet these cogent objections from the British point of view. Such clauses would empower us to increase our naval establishment beyond the treaty limits in the event of a non-signatory state expanding its fleet to any appreciable extent. At first sight this may seem an admirably simple way out of the difficulty. In reality it is not so. Let us suppose, for example, that one of our Continental neighbors embarked on a heavy programme of submarine construction. As a measure of precaution we should naturally wish to reinforce our light-craft flotillas. But before taking any steps it would be necessary to consult the other parties to the treaty, and, since the negotiations could not be kept secret, we should be advertising to the world our belief that the Continental neighbor in question was a potential

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enemy. The result would be political friction, inevitably with the state against whom we proposed to build, and probably with our treaty partners as well, who might demur to modification of the tonnage ratios unless we could prove, which it would be difficult to do, that our national security was really jeopardized by the new development.

THE whole question of naval limitation is one of such vital concern to the British peoples that no apology is offered for the frank treatment it receives in this paper. When all is said and done, the Navy remains our first line of defense, if not against overhead attack, at least against the far deadlier menace of famine and social cataclysm. Upon the decisions reached at the London Conference will depend the strength and war readiness of the British Navy for years to come. To such a great national and imperial issue all party and personal considerations should and must be subordinated. It is an occasion which calls for clear thinking and the straightforward expression of honest conviction. Everything indicates absolute sincerity on the part of the protagonists up to now. Even those to whom our present Prime Minister's political tenets are most repugnant will not have forgotten his service to the Navy in 1924, when in the teeth of his own party he sponsored and piloted through Parliament the cruiser programme of that year. As for President Hoover, most thoughtful Englishmen have made up their minds that he is a friend who, while placing America first and always, is anxious to give Great Britain what one of the greatest of his predecessors called 'a square deal.' In the middle distance stands Japan, for many years our stanch and most loyal ally. To her, as to us, adequate naval power is a *sine qua non* of national existence. If Japan were cut off from the sea her industrial and social system would collapse just as surely, if perhaps more slowly, than would ours under similar conditions. This community of risk is peculiar to Japan and Great Britain. It is not shared in the same degree by any other country. In the background, though obviously cast for a more prominent position when the London Conference opens, are France and Italy. Both are ancient naval powers, each with its traditions of maritime grandeur and glory. A visitor from Mars, taking a broad view of what a German savant would call the 'world-political-naval' situation, would unhesitatingly adjudge France to be second only to Great Britain in maritime pretensions. Besides a long coast line fronting two seas, she has a vast colonial empire, free access to the resources of which has become indispensable to her prosperity in peace and her defenses in war.

TO BRING the French Army up to war strength it would be necessary for the white and colored troops stationed in Northern Africa to be landed in France without delay. But unless the sea routes were

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reasonably safe, the troop convoys from Tunis and Algiers dare not sail. That is why the French military authorities, for the first time in modern history, are strongly supporting a policy of naval expansion. It may be said, indeed, that the French nation as a whole is interested as never before in questions of sea power. Any doubt on that score is removed when one scans the reports of naval debates in the Chamber. In recent years one naval budget after another has been passed by large majorities. It is true that the demands of the Ministry of Marine are often criticized, not, however, because they are too ambitious, but because they are too modest. This is particularly true of the submarine programmes. In no other country does the prestige of the submarine stand so high. To the Gallic imagination the submarine has become the chief symbol of maritime power. The future establishment has been fixed at one hundred and fifteen boats, sixty-seven of which are to be ocean-going craft of great cruising endurance, and forty-eight of a smaller type, nominally for coastal defense, but quite capable of operating on the high seas. The submarine service is now the *corps d'élite* of the navy. By some mental twist difficult to reconcile with the logical working of the French mind it has become a fixed idea that submarines are the most potent factor in the defense of the trans-Mediterranean routes. It is possible that this thought has been deliberately implanted in the public mind by the naval authorities, whose own conception of the prime function of the submarine may be reflected more faithfully in the writings of Rear-Admiral Castex, the author of the much-discussed *Synthesis of Submarine Warfare.*

Be that as it may, France is of all nations the patron of the submarine arm in its post-War phase of evolution. There does not appear to be the faintest chance that she will entertain proposals for the abolition of her most cherished naval weapon. On the contrary, judging from semi-official utterances in Paris, she will oppose, tooth and nail, any suggestion calculated to restrict the development of submarines, whether in size or numerical strength. Since both Great Britain and the United States are apparently determined to introduce such proposals, it is much to be feared that acrimonious and barren controversy on this subject will be a feature of the London Conference, just as it was at Washington eight years ago. Nor is this the only question liable to create friction. The Anglo-American naval accord postulates the drastic reduction and allotment of destroyer tonnage by ratios based upon the Washington Treaty scale. In French eyes, however, the destroyer is second only to the submarine as a potent and relatively cheap instrument of naval power. Her building programme, due to mature by the year 1942, embraces ninety destroyers, two-thirds of which are to be vessels of such formidable size as almost to come within the light-cruiser category. They are ships of approximately 3,000 tons, heavily armed, of high

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speed, and with sea-keeping qualities and a radius of action which would enable them to be employed with effect far out at sea.

SINCE all the most contentious issues left open at Washington, notably the banning of submarines, or, alternatively, their restriction in size and number, and the limitation of light cruisers and destroyers, are to head the agenda of the London Conference, the proceedings bid fair to be somewhat lively. There is no reason to suppose that France will be in a more pliant mood than she was at Washington. All indications point in the contrary direction. Eight years ago she had to bargain with assets that existed mainly on paper. To-day she has scores of powerful ships actually afloat or on the stocks. Not only has a new fleet been created, but French public opinion has become much more alive to the value of sea power, and, consequently, more inclined to be resentful of outside attempts to interfere with the growth of the national navy. So far as France is concerned we shall find ourselves on delicate ground at the coming conference, and need to walk warily. American approbation is, no doubt, very desirable, and we have already made great sacrifices to secure it. But if it is only to be purchased at the cost of estranging France, many thoughtful Englishmen will consider the bargain too one-sided.

Italy represents another factor of cardinal importance in the problem of naval reduction. As regards the limitation of submarines and light craft she will probably take the same line as France. The two powers are already conferring on this subject, and if the initial difficulty as to parity can be overcome, they are likely to present a united front at the conference. It will not have escaped notice that the Italian Government, in accepting the invitation to the conference, took occasion to refer to its *note verbale* addressed to Great Britain on October 6th, 1928, in connection with the abortive Anglo-French naval compromise. The gist of that note was that Italy, while sympathizing in principle with the disarmament movement, felt herself unable to dissociate naval armaments from those of the land and the air. Further, she considered that 'the most suitable means for the application of this principle, from the naval aspect, would be by the adoption of the formula of global limitation of tonnage, rather than the application of the formula of limitation by categories.' The note also reiterated the demand for naval equality with France.

THE fact that Italy makes specific reference to this *note verbale* of 1928 in her acceptance for the London Conference evidently means that the principles embodied in the note are still valid and will be upheld. Her suggestion of limitation by global tonnage is, of course, diametrically opposed to the Anglo-American plan of restriction by classes, and there

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are other points in the note which, if pressed, are bound to generate controversy. Italy, like France, is giving concrete expression to her views on the importance of sea power. Within the past eight years she has built and authorized eighty-nine warships, aggregating 192,000 tons, besides developing new fleet bases and expanding her naval air forces on a large scale.

The foregoing facts expose the fallacy in the idea that an understanding between Great Britain and the United States must inevitably usher in a new era of universal naval limitation. This notion is, however, being fostered by a great part of the American Press and by certain British organs, which seem to regard the success of the London Conference as something that is assured in advance. That is a dangerous delusion. Except in the improbable event of France and Italy both experiencing a complete change of heart between now and the third week in January, it is difficult to see how an agreement can be reached on terms jointly acceptable to this country and the United States.

Great Britain, for patent reasons, could not bind herself to a fixed quota of light surface tonnage if the great Continental powers remained at liberty to build submarines without stint. If, on the other hand, France and Italy could be persuaded to accept maximum tonnage allotments for under-water and light surface craft, it is to be feared that their maxima would not err on the side of moderation, since they would be sure to bear some relation to the building programmes already in train. Great Britain in that event would be compelled, by the most elementary principles of national defense, to hold out for a higher proportion of cruiser and destroyer tonnage than might be acceptable to the United States, whose avowed aim, let us not forget, is reduction rather than limitation.

The possibilities of a deadlock at the conference are only too obvious. If it does occur, we shall almost certainly be invited by the United States and Japan to join with them in a trilateral compact. The objections to this have already been stated. It would leave us in a most ambiguous position, it would contain the seeds of future controversy both with our treaty partners and the non-signatory powers, and would, in short, be a thoroughly unwise expedient from our point of view. But what, it may pertinently be asked, is the alternative? If France and Italy feel themselves unable to join the other three powers in a new agreement, are we to wash our hands of the whole business of naval disarmament? Every student of contemporary affairs knows that to be out of the question. For good or ill we are committed to the thesis of naval equality with the United States. But a political thesis must be founded on common sense if it is to endure. British statesmen of all parties have not only proclaimed their adherence to the principle of parity, but have given the most convincing proofs of their sincerity in

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the matter. But the safety of the country and the Empire must override all other considerations. It would be easy enough to end the deadlock here foreshadowed provided there exists between the British and American Governments and peoples that spirit of friendship and mutual sympathy which we have been assured by the leading men of both countries does indeed exist. We must therefore proceed on the assumption that America recognizes our naval policy to be purely defensive and in no sense directed against herself.

NOW if coöperation with France and Italy should prove to be impossible, the difficulty could be met by a 'gentlemen's agreement' between Great Britain, the United States, and Japan. These powers might enter into a compact—not necessarily a document signed and sealed—not to go beyond an agreed tonnage ratio in each class of vessel as long as the balance of power at sea remained fairly stable. Each, however, would reserve the right to raise its quota of cruisers, destroyers, or submarines, as the case might be, in the event of a non-signatory power starting to build considerably above its existing establishment. The other two parties to the 'gentlemen's agreement' would naturally be free to effect a *pari passu* enlargement of their navies if they considered such action necessary or desirable. What is proposed is, in fact, an unwritten agreement between the three strongest naval powers which would have all the moral force of a written treaty without its disadvantages. No written treaty would be acceptable—to this country, at least—which did not embody safeguarding clauses, the weighty objections to which have been explained.

There is good reason to believe that Japan would gladly enter into a 'gentlemen's agreement' on the lines indicated, and her past record in diplomatic affairs is in itself an assurance that she would scrupulously observe the spirit of such an engagement. What of the United States? That country, as chief protagonist, in the academic sense, of naval disarmament, should be the last to reject a compromise which may prove to be the only feasible method of averting future naval competition, the ominous possibilities of which were clearly set forth in President Coolidge's message to Congress on February 10th, 1927. 'The American Government and people,' said the President, 'are convinced that competitive armaments constitute one of the most dangerous contributing causes of international suspicion and discord, and are calculated eventually to lead to war.'

It is true that President Hoover and the greater part of his people have set their hearts on a formal treaty which would establish a graded scale of relative strength for all the great navies over an indefinite period of time. But the attainment of that ideal depends, as we have seen, on the acquiescence of all the powers concerned, which may or may not be

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forthcoming. In any case, the outcome of the London Conference is sufficiently problematic not merely to warrant but to demand an exploration beforehand of all possible alternatives to a five-power treaty. If, however, the London meeting fails to produce such a treaty, considerable difficulty may be experienced in inducing America to enter into an informal pact of fleet limitation. This is because American public opinion has for several years past been exposed to a well-organized, widespread, and most ingenious campaign of propaganda, promoted by interests which, from divers motives, are antagonistic to an Anglo-American *rapprochement* on naval or any other questions. Thanks to this campaign, nine Americans out of ten appear to hold stereotyped views on the naval situation in general.

SOME further relevant comments may be offered. The United States, as a self-contained and economically autonomous community, practically invulnerable to naval attack through her geographical situation, is of all nations the one best qualified to set an example in the retrenchment of naval armament. It might even be added that a certain moral obligation rests upon her to further this cause by every means in her power, since the resumption of competitive naval shipbuilding after the War was unquestionably due to American action. This statement is made deliberately, and as it may be challenged the following figures must be given. Between the Armistice and the convocation of the Washington Conference in November, 1921, a period of only three years, the United States began the construction of one hundred and thirty-three warships, namely, sixteen capital ships, ten cruisers, seventy-seven destroyers, thirty submarines. During the same period Great Britain began the construction of five warships, namely, four capital ships and one submarine. Comment on these statistics would be superfluous.

Once the mephitic vapors of propaganda have been dispersed by an honest breeze, no serious obstacles will be discerned in the path leading to a rational policy of naval disarmament as between Great Britain, the United States, and Japan. With those three powers working together in harmony the future could be faced without misgiving. Even in the realms of *Realpolitik* moral example remains one of the *imponderabilia* to be reckoned with. The spectacle of the three greatest naval powers collaborating in the cause of naval limitation might well prove the most effectual deterrent to competitive building in other quarters.

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RUSSIA ON THE BRINK

Is Stalin Doomed?

By Paul Scheffer

From *The Observer*, London Independent Sunday Journal

EVENTS IN THE SOVIET UNION are steadily moving toward a crisis. Gradually that fact has come to the surface and is plain to any eye. The decisive symptom is the increasing shortage of food supplies, not only throughout the countryside, but in the towns. For the last two years the Soviet Government has concentrated its efforts on provisioning the towns at any cost, particularly the larger centres with their industrialized population. Now, however, it has found itself compelled to introduce ration books for many of the necessities of life. Queues of women, many of whom have got up at three in the morning, so as to get their rations before the shops are sold out, are to be seen in every town in Russia. Bread is short, and so are meat, sugar, and tea.

Supplies, such as they are, are spasmodic. Moscow, for example, was almost without potatoes. Suddenly, in November, they appeared in overwhelming abundance. The coöperative societies, to which most of the population belong, were compelled to take immediate delivery, and, even so, the surplus had to be stored in the churches. It was a typical prelude to the utter confusion in which the Soviet supply organizations are now involved.

The countryside, at whose cost the towns obtain their doubtful daily minimum, is in worse case. 'Would we peasants ever have believed that at harvest time we should have to quench our thirst in hot water without tea or sugar?' said a peasant woman in the Province of Saratov to me. The phrase sums up the temper and condition of the peasants of Russia, 130 millions in all. No need to tell her that in the coming winter it would be not merely tea and sugar that she would go without, but bread, too. She knew it already, but in Soviet Russia people do not say everything that is in their minds. Experts who are now returning from Russia regard it as very possible that millions of peasants in certain provinces will suffer from real famine between now and next year's harvest. The reference is to the regions which under normal conditions do not produce enough food to be self-supporting. This year, for the first time, they, too, have fallen under the conscription of wheat, and are called upon to pay tribute to the towns.

As a whole, these districts are in danger of starvation. But the danger extends beyond them to the so-called surplus-areas which regularly export corn. In these areas the better-class peasants who were able to

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bring corn to the market have been almost wholly ruined. Enormous obligations were laid upon them, and were increased when they were not discharged. Then, by way of penalties, their entire holdings were mortgaged, that is, confiscated. Last year this procedure was generally directed against the 'stronger' peasants. This year the weaker have not been spared. The situation left no room for discretion. The towns and the Army, the bases of the Soviet power, had to be fed at any cost.

This is not 1920 over again—no mere fury of expropriation and robbery to satisfy the greed of the moment. Then the break-up of the great estates through the Revolution made a crisis in production inevitable. To-day, however, the disappearance not merely of the big estates but of the larger peasant holdings has brought about a most uneconomic subdivision of property. There were sixteen million peasant holdings in Russia in 1917; there are twenty-seven million to-day. Countless 'dwarf holdings' have been created, many of them too small to support their cultivators. The result has been a drop in production only realized in the last two years.

UNDER such circumstances any Government would be compelled to take drastic measures to create larger units capable of profitable working. The Soviet Government has seized the opportunity with enthusiasm. For the last eighteen months it has worked with feverish energy to set up 'collective farms' formed of the properties of rich and poor peasants alike. It forced the 'Socialization of the Land.' But the results have developed at a pace too fast for the Government itself. By next year the collective farms will have swallowed up three and a half million peasant holdings! The peasants are flocking to the collectives by way of avoiding that process of 'ripening' for ruin which entails their annihilation as individual cultivators. Each foresees his fate. He will be damned for a *kulak*. The tyranny of the administration has been intensified this year. The poor peasant is egged on against his neighbor who passes for rich—or what in the villages is called 'rich!' This is called 'the class war in the villages.' It is raging throughout Russia, and those whom it has already ruined are dragging their still independent fellows down to their level.

The methods now employed by the Kremlin have terrible consequences. An economic revolution necessarily brings crises in its train. But if, in order to strengthen Russian agriculture, it was necessary to amalgamate peasant holdings, reasonable care should have been taken to maintain the productivity of the farms left unaffected by the transition. But, instead, what do we find here? That the violence used in 'preparing' the peasants for collective farming has had serious consequences as regards the two points which are decisive for the whole experiment. Not by any means have those consequences yet come to the worst.

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In the first place, what peasant who still owns his farm—and there are twenty-five millions of him—will be at pains to cultivate it intensively? If he does, the State will expropriate him, and when he enters the collective he will be suspected as a 'middle peasant,' or, perhaps, even a *kulak*. It may therefore be taken as certain that the drop in production which has accompanied the nationalization policy since 1928 will make itself more widely felt. It grows worse as fast as administrative oppression extends. The best, though cruel, proof of this is that the food scarcity throughout the whole of Russia this year is incomparably more acute than last year's shortage.

In the second place, the Government is not able to organize collective farms fast enough to keep pace with its own policy. There are, of course, well equipped and well managed farms, but for the most part tractors and other implements are lacking. Some one in Moscow told me in an outburst of candor that the collectives averaged less than three horses per 100 acres. Again, the larger enterprises require to be staffed by 25,000 competent managers. Hardly any are available. No wonder that farm discipline falls far short of the Marxian ideal.

THUS the crisis of the Soviet system is at the root an agrarian crisis. It is so grave that it threatens the very existence of the régime. It will take incalculable time for the collective system to achieve as much as individualism accomplished in its inadequate yet steady way. Meanwhile production drops and the women in the towns know it as they stand in their queues in front of the shops. In London such a situation would be hopeless. But the Russian is incredibly long-suffering, and we do not yet know the limits of his patience. But we can say that it is undergoing a strain formidable even for Russia, and that the signs are not reassuring. The development of the collective farms is far from keeping up with the decline in the private farms. Under Soviet economics, agricultural production is on the road to ruin.

Here is the root of the whole matter. The men of the Kremlin say and repeat: 'We have strong nerves!' They hope to win through by going ruthlessly forward with their policy of socialization. But they have certainly misjudged Russian peasant nature. They did not anticipate that their Socialist policy would react so disastrously upon individual cultivation. They never dreamed that the task they took on would rise so high over their heads.

A crisis of this fundamental significance obviously affects all Soviet economics. Its origin does not derive merely from the break-up of property. It is essentially due as well to the prices paid for the products of the soil. They are maintained at the 1914 level in order to build up a Soviet industry independent of the foreigner. This policy has created a number of industrial centres at which the stranger is invited to look and marvel.

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But he must not forget the debit side of the account. The price policy of Bolshevism which has created these up-to-date industrial centres has plunged Russian agriculture into a degradation which compels yet further recourse to the violent methods that produced it. And so the dismal situation of to-day has been brought about. The vicious circle remains unbroken, and industrial gains fail to offset the general loss.

A characteristic illustration will make the point clear. Owing to the falling off in the export of grain, the Soviet Government is compelled to export manufactures which it urgently needs for the home market, in order to cover a part of the essential imports. Since Soviet production is very dear, the exported goods must be dumped. This sort of export is proclaimed as a sign of success!

THE strong-nerved gentlemen in the Kremlin maintain that their industrial establishments will expand enormously during the next four years. They have laid grandiose plans. But do they really suppose that, even if the luck is with them, they will fill the agricultural gap and that four years will see the collective farms meeting the needs of the home market?

The last two months have unveiled the real picture. The truth is big with danger, not only for Soviet Russia. It is a great responsibility to say this. But we can apply a test. Certain political developments of the new agrarian policy since its adoption in February, 1928, confirm the truth of this analysis. The world has recently learned of the public repentance of Rykov, Bukharin, and Tomski. What have they now burned that formerly they adored? Sixteen months ago they united to warn Russia against the rushing nationalization of the land and the rushing industrialism which, as we have seen, goes with it. They have now recanted. But in August, 1928, Bukharin declared in *Isvestia* that the rapid establishment of industries was impossible in a country without reserves of capital, without an adequate agricultural production, and with very limited means of economic contact with foreign countries. At this time he disagreed with Rykov, who found the root of the evil in Stalin's land policy. But by October he had come round to Rykov's point of view. In the following spring, when the party sat in judgment on the right-wing opposition, Bukharin spoke for five hours on agricultural realities. He and his colleagues were muzzled and not a word was allowed to reach the outside world.

WHAT had happened? As far back as November, 1928, Stalin had allowed it to become known that all who would not toe the party line would be treated like Trotski and his opposition of the left. In the following January there was a palace revolution. As has often happened in history through all ages, it broke out too early for its

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instigators. Bukharin had written a careless letter to Kamenev. In it he had observed that Stalin was leading the country, and with it the party, to destruction, and would soon have to be replaced. The letter came into Stalin's hands. Kamenev (now head of the Concessions Committee) said he had lost it.

The 'Troika'—the nickname, derived from the Russian carriage drawn by three horses abreast, given to the three leaders of the opposition of the right—had now to wage open war against Stalin. The struggle spread wide. For two whole months Stalin was in a minority in the Politbureau, the central organ of the Government. But the party machine saved him. As usual, Stalin seemed to draw fresh power from the dark. If we remember that it was in conjunction with the 'Troika' that Stalin inaugurated his land policy in February, 1928, we shall get a clear sense of the sway of ideas amongst the leaders of Russia.

Open scandal was avoided in April last out of regard for the effect abroad. Stalin throttled his opponents slowly—by small, sure degrees. He left them nominally in their high positions while gradually strangling their real influence. It would take me too far afield were I to give details of these clever manœuvres; besides, there are good reasons for reticence. A few particulars may, however, be added for the sake of the light they throw on the way power is exercised in contemporary Russia.

The 'Troika' were merely three dead men after Stalin's victory in the desperate conflict at the beginning of the year. But they had and still have their supporters, though these have become much more cautious and sometimes cannot even be identified. Accordingly, in spite of his victory, Stalin is still walking on rather thin ice. He therefore retained his opponents at the heart of the party—the Politbureau. By this means he excluded from its membership men who but for that would wield or might acquire greater authority. While, if the 'Troika,' kept under his eye, should offer any opposition, he can at any moment deliver them up for condemnation in the Party Court. Nevertheless, they exhibited slight, and, as it were, indirect signs of life. They had, therefore, to be finally broken, and so they have now been put through a form of public penitence which recalls the Middle Ages. The consequence is that Stalin has made himself absolute master of the Politbureau and can say, 'Le Politbureau, c'est moi.' He has used his position in the interests of his policy—the ruthless drive toward Communism which he has pursued throughout the past year. He regards it as self-evident that any other policy would spell catastrophe for Bolshevism.

THIS policy is not confined to industry and agriculture, but extends to every activity of Soviet citizens. All private trade is being rapidly strangled. Only a short time ago Mikoyan calmly observed that 'our modes of distribution are barbarously primitive.' In spite of that

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they are being further crippled. As in agriculture, so in other departments, and for substantially the same reasons. We observe a growing paralysis of private initiative; a growing pressure on the party to replace it by Socialist forms of enterprise; and, consequently, an ever swifter disintegration of all types and every form of 'capitalist' activity. Under such conditions we must dare to admit that Stalin is right when he says that forcing 'Socialization' as rapidly and thoroughly as possible offers the only way of getting through this game. But this is justification in a rather inhuman sense. He is indeed dangerously right in that he draws the only possible conclusions from his premises; but the premises themselves, the principles upon which Marxian Bolshevism rests—these are the question!

Political and economic developments have thus gone forward together. The palace revolution of last January is proof that, like Russian industry, the party which dominates Russia has been passing through a critical phase. The parallelism must delight the true Marxian's heart. Who would have believed as he gazed upon the elaborate façade of Soviet unity erected in the Kremlin that a revolution could break out among its builders?

IF ALL the members of the party had nerves as strong as Stalin's, he might yet win through. The great mass of the Russian people form a passive, fatalistic body which meditates upon its experiences but does not act.

The workmen may indeed differ a little from the peasants; but in general, and particularly since the overthrow of the bourgeoisie, the description holds good. Yet, in spite of their passivity, how minutely their lives are supervised! How brilliantly the Terror has been sustained for years, not only by the well-known methods of drastic force, but by more subtle means! No need to dwell on the wholesale 'preventive measures' adopted, in spite of the absence of definite grounds of suspicion, during these last very anxious months. Like other acts of repression they illustrate the Soviet's own estimate of the magnitude of the crisis on which the country has entered.

But not all Communists have 'strong nerves.' Many are made dizzy by the sight of the widening gulf between the Soviet State and all the political and economic conditions hitherto known to mankind. If Stalin's plan fails, if his gigantic gamble does not come off, the Communists' house will crash down upon those who dwell in it. In such reflections lies the threat to the present régime, as the history of the right opposition has already shown. If ever the Soviets are in mortal danger, it will arise not from the peasants, or from the Army, or from the crushed and ruined bourgeoisie, but from within the ranks of the Communist Party.

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It must be an uncomfortable thought that the menace is not only from the faint-hearts of the right. The left, too, is stirring. The youth of Russia is on the left. Its training in Communism has been as extreme as possible. It knows nothing of the outer world. It has no standards by which to frame its judgments. Stalin is a supreme tactician, but not an original statesman. His reputation rests on his immense cleverness, not on his insight. These many years he has leaned to the left. He knew the risks well. As well, he knows them to-day. Hence his desperate audacity.

Is he afraid of Young Russia? Will the next crisis be created by youth? Youth, ultra-revolutionary, ultra-theoretical, greedy for power, only half-civilized? There is abundant evidence that Communism in the Soviet Union is not moving fast enough for these young minds. Will they one day throw it in Stalin's teeth that all his difficulties are due to his failure to be swift and thorough enough in forcing at all costs the creation of their Golden Age? From his own arguments against the right they could draw weapons to strike him down.

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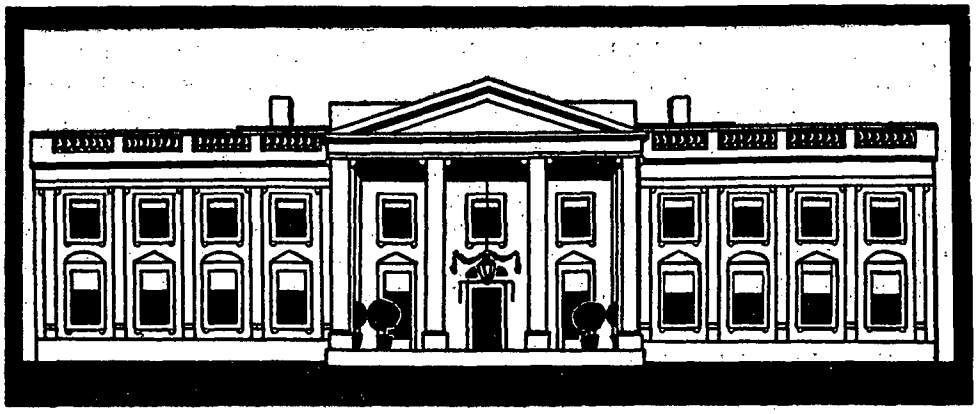

HOOVER FOR SANITY

By Georg Bernhard

Translated from the *Vossische Zeitung*, Berlin Liberal Daily

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES has suddenly convoked an economic council, although the constitution makes no provision for such action. Representatives from the country's great enterprises in all fields of industry and commerce, together with delegates from the larger cities, are gathering in Washington. The President's action gives proof of the burning apprehension that is felt at the prospect of a further broadening or deepening of the economic crisis. It would be false to assume that the crash on the Stock Exchange created these critical circumstances. On the contrary, that catastrophe was due to the efforts that had been made for years to cover up traces of overspeculation and conditions verging on the critical in many branches of economic life. America is the only country which really drew profit from the War. She has gathered in wealth from the entire world. Claims upon every nation of the earth meet in the ledgers of America, and the result has been to bring about an unexpected state of prosperity in the country, to inflate the stock market, to extend the demand for luxury goods, and to heap up private riches by the scores of millions.

For our part, however, we can still remember what a serious financial situation arose in the young German Empire under pressure of the influx of money in the form of war tribute from France. Then compare those sums with the enormously greater amounts of American war profits and international war debts, visualize the gigantic field of American industry, and it will be clear what has taken place in America during the last decade. The laws of capitalistic economics are inexorable.

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Economic tides rise and fall. When the summit has been attained, a crisis follows. And the higher the rising market sweeps, the more devastating is the decline that follows. Americans understood how to manipulate the rising market in a masterly fashion, and the observer is forced to admit that they prolonged the life span of high values beyond anticipated limits. Through a clever system of installment buying, they multiplied the normal consuming power of the total population. And whenever the demand for certain products fell off, they gave the sale of these products fresh impetus by lowering prices. But in the last analysis the economic life of any nation needs periods of rest, and it has for a long time seemed inevitable that there should be an economic recoil in the United States instead of prolonged acceleration onward and upward. But politics refused to permit any period of rest, and American politicians were fundamentally responsible for unleashing the fearful financial and economic storm which has recently been raging over the United States with the violence of a tornado.

IN GERMANY the complaint is made that politics have invaded the economic field and that unsound taxation is driving distressed industry into the arms of public ownership, while others attribute these taxes to lack of economic comprehension among various parties. In America, the politicians of the Democratic and Republican Parties, who continually contend for power, all possess the same capitalistic tendencies and the country has become, as a result, the ideal stamping ground for those who oppose any tendency toward Marxism and Bolshevism. This state of affairs does not, however, mean that economic life is free from the grip of politics. Possibly conditions in the United States, where great economic and capitalistic powers dominate politics, show that it is just as harmful for economic leaders to have to think in political terms as it is for politicians to occupy themselves with economics. In the United States Socialism does not exist. The average American gives little thought to the material basis of his life, and least of all the business man, who puts away savings for the future out of handsome profits and who is able to share with the very rich the comforts modern technique provides.

But this state of affairs will prevail only so long as comparatively few people are forced by lack of employment or actual want to reflect seriously, and the powers that be have therefore endeavored not only to make the masses relatively contented but forcibly to cause them to appreciate their good fortune. Abundance creates an atmosphere of amiability and in such an atmosphere the consciousness of abundance is heightened. Prosperity is the unvarying slogan thrown out to the masses by the economic leaders and joyously caught up by the politicians in their turn. Every administration wishes to show that under its

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leadership the United States has been blest by the greatest prosperity it has ever enjoyed, and for that reason any threatening crisis is always glossed over when elections are at hand.

At the first sign of economic depression the price of iron was lowered and salaries were raised. Fresh methods of installment buying were exploited. The influx of new supplies of money was utilized to reduce the interest rates for financing new enterprises and upon loans for stock speculation. And it was probably not a complete accident that, shortly after the inauguration of the new President, interest rates were raised again in an effort to prick the speculation bubble. In all probability those in power felt that, since a change was inevitable, it would be wise to provoke a sudden catastrophe instead of allowing the high level of the market to be slowly transformed into a crisis.

THE promise has been made that economic purification and a quick recovery will follow this sudden explosion. But now there seems to be grave danger that the Stock Exchange collapse will release smoldering brands over the entire continent. The disasters on the New York Stock Exchange outstripped all previous similar occurrences in America and perhaps throughout the world. The effect of a natural event of this character can scarcely be estimated at its full significance. Those who do not understand the situation may enjoy computing how many scores of millions of dollars America lost over night, while others not much better informed may claim sagaciously that actually no losses occurred, their line of reason being that every seller found a buyer and that what one lost the other automatically gained. This conception may be theoretically sound, but from the point of view of popular economics it is not so much a matter of the total individual fortunes as it is a question of who possesses these fortunes and how they are distributed. In every catastrophe of the scope of that on the American Exchange, millions of small speculators lose and a few dozen large speculators become even richer than they have been. Thus the crash involves a very considerable change in the average conditions of living and in the consuming power of a country.

A much more important point is that only a small fraction of investment securities held by the people at large are bought and sold on the Exchange. Yet this relatively limited transaction in securities determines the standard of value for all securities by creating a scale of price fixation. Statistics show that most holders of securities in America, including even the very wealthy, became within a few days 50% poorer than they had been, because of the depreciation of the value of their securities. In the case of a great many of these people, there is no indication that they will suffer want, and many will not even have to curb appreciably the amount that they expend on luxuries. But the credit

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foundation of the entire country has been reduced, a significant fact in that the apparatus of production is thus threatened with the danger of a reduced market. In the normal course of events, interest rates gradually tend to rise after a certain period of transition. Actually, however, there is serious danger of a complete economic standstill and if this results in a period of unemployment the whole financial structure on the consumption side may crumble, bearing with it the industries which it supports.

IT IS therefore easy to see that the American President already has the best of reasons for assembling the economic leaders of the country. Another man might perhaps have procrastinated, but Hoover is a person of decision and quick action. For many years he headed the Department of Commerce and in that capacity was considered an expert in the economic field and a man with as much temperament as will power. For this reason he was not satisfied with calling a conference, but proceeded to take steps on behalf of the government. The Federal Reserve Banks have lowered the discount rate, and the government has announced that there will be cuts in taxes. All this has taken place systematically and reveals the unquestionable advantages of direct democracy and presidential omnipotence, particularly when an able leader is in control. Moreover, to judge from official pronouncements, Hoover has prepared for the economic conference by framing a definite programme. This programme definitely emphasizes its purpose as the prevention of unemployment, and the means adopted correspond to the American attitude that consumption is the central factor in the economic system.

Commissions for public construction are to be provided for in the national budget. Municipalities are encouraged to proceed at once with important public works. Undoubtedly the economic leaders will agree that there should be a general lowering of prices. At an earlier stage this measure might have seemed artificial and rash, but now it appears natural. There will be a general tightening in an effort to guard against stagnation in industry. By encouraging normal business an attempt will be made to check rising production costs, even though certain enterprises may temporarily earn somewhat less than usual. These measures differ fundamentally from the economic policies which are constantly becoming more widespread in Europe, where the increasing number of cartels tends to prevent such energetic measures in respect to prices. We Europeans are inclined to take a passive attitude toward signs of business depression. And if production costs mount because of business depression, we regard the existence of such conditions as an excuse for raising prices still higher. Whereas in America the consumer is all-important, in Germany the conception of the cartel has led many of us to adopt the ideal of an 'economic system without consumers,' to quote a witty statement by Professor Bonn.

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IN VIEW of the interdependence of national economic systems throughout the world, the shift in values in the United States naturally cannot fail to influence conditions on the Continent. In Germany, specifically, it will have a pronounced effect upon the gold market and the export trade. Optimists have already prophesied that, after the disappointments suffered by the American public because of stock speculation, American capitalists will manifest more interest for investment in fixed-interest securities, and as a result capital which has been pouring into the Stock Exchange will again be more favorably disposed toward German loans and securities. Such a development is possible, but it seems just as probable that American industry will try to maintain the volume of business not solely by stimulating trade within the country but by increasing the export trade. We cannot predict to what degree an export drive by the United States would be launched against Germany, though Germany will undoubtedly be indirectly affected.

Indeed, the closest kind of relationship exists between the two above-mentioned questions: the condition of the money market, and the menace to the export trade of a country which, in the last analysis, will be obliged to pay the whole international War debt. German reparations payments, which all flow eventually into American coffers, can be met only if Germany obtains the use of foreign currency, either by the sale of goods abroad or by the accumulation of gold credits. And, on the other hand, America will be able to collect the reparations payments only if she buys goods from other nations or lends them money. If America now wishes to push her own export trade, she will be able to take less goods from abroad and will be forced to make more loans. But she will be able to lend more money only if her small capitalists possess funds which they wish to invest in the bonds of foreign nations. It remains to be seen to what extent these small investors have been weakened by the Stock Exchange crash.

The most interesting aspect of the crash is that the Americans have now, for the first time, experienced how dangerous their control over foreign interest rates—which, in turn, arises from the international debt situation—can be. For the abundance of capital which has poured steadily into the country has produced an inflation, and caused a sort of delirium of speculative frenzy. It is therefore an open question whether the Americans really wish to pursue methods that lead periodically to such a condition, or whether they would prefer to reflect that it would be more expedient to claim less in the matter of reparations and thereby rest in more tranquil and lasting possession of what they have. The progress of reason is laborious, even in the United States. One must clamor in order to be heard there, but finally, perhaps, one will be understood. And upon that understanding a justifiable hope for the future of German reparations payments reposes.

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GERMANY'S LAST SIX YEARS

How Stresemann Out-Bismarcked Bismarck

By Pierre Lafue

Translated from *La Revue Universelle,* Paris Clerical Semi-Monthly

WITHIN LESS THAN A CENTURY Germany will have possessed two statesmen of the first rank, two founders of empire. Next to Bismarck can be named without undue exaggeration a man whose achievements may seem to have been greater than he was—Gustav Stresemann. Of what did his work in Germany consist? Unquestionably he made himself the savior, or at any rate one of the principal saviors, of a vanquished, troubled, and divided nation. Just like the Iron Chancellor, he had to make the country over and reassemble its dispersed member states.

One needs only recall the chaos that he faced in 1923, when he first came into power. Fundamentally, the situation was much more serious than it had been in 1919, and in the tragic month of July destiny once more seemed determined to pass judgment against Germany. Immediately after the Armistice, the unity of the Reich had been threatened momentarily, but the Weimar republic which succeeded in replacing the Hohenzollern dynasty saved the day and erected a new principle of union. Then, too, the Social Democrat, Noske, was able to make successful use of Prussian forcefulness against rebellious sailors, against Spartacus, and against the Bolshevist movement in Bavaria. But this Weimar republic, which realized the dreams of the Liberals and Democrats of 1849 and which attempted to construct a greater Germany in which all Germanic groups would have equal rights and in which the Prussian hegemony would no longer exist; this Weimar republic, whose original constitution had made every attempt to despoil the state that Bismarck had created of its former privileges, had actually created nothing more or less than an all too abstract central power, which lacked the support of a State or an individual and therefore proved but a feeble preceptor for the new Reich, which found itself disarmed and a mere symbol of statehood in comparison with the victorious powers. The fatal result was that imperial authority soon became an extravagant myth that was typified by a widely circulated picture of President Ebert in a pair of bathing tights.

During this period of disaster, which the inflated currency and the occupation of the Ruhr aggravated still further, Germany seemed on

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the point of collapsing into a state of anarchy. All over the country calls to arms were resounding, rival leagues kept coming into existence, and often clashed on the same parade grounds. Groups organized by Hitler and Ehradt lined themselves up against the Social Democrats. North Germans inveighed against South Germans, Catholics distrusted Protestants, sons turned against fathers, and champions of Occidental ideas poured contempt upon the champions of Orientalism.

All kinds of barriers arose within the former empire. The socialist government of Saxony refused to pay federal taxes and even threatened to send its troops against Berlin. At Munich the separatist Social Democrats held reviews of their troops under the very nose of a Monarchist army of more than 10,000 men that had at its disposal machine guns and airplanes. Von Kahr's Nationalist cabinet dismissed the delegates of the Reich and planned to reconstruct German unity with Bavaria as the axis. In expectation of this event Bavaria, even more than Saxony and Thuringia, ceased, to all intents and purposes, to belong to the German Reich. The ministers at Munich accused the Nuremberg burgomaster of high treason because he had obeyed orders from Berlin and had therefore, in their eyes, submitted to a foreign government. They refused, moreover, to allow their Nationalists to be tried by the imperial tribunal, and even erected tariff barriers such as existed before the days of the zollverein. As the *Frankfurter Zeitung* remarked with a melancholy air, 'We seem to have returned to the period of the Thirty Years' War.'

IT WAS in the midst of this tumult and at the moment when the divided parts of Germany seemed ready to come to blows that Stresemann appeared. The date was August, 1923. Cuno, the willing tool of the currency manipulators, had yielded up his office, and the new chancellor only presided officially for fifty days, but this tragic period possessed the greatest importance, for it decided in a sense the whole future of the country.

Stresemann at once resorted to force. He invested von Seeckt with full powers. He set the Prussian *Reichswehr* in motion, and allowed militarism to play the old important rôle as a factor of unity and order that it had lost since 1918. *Vorwärts*, the Socialist organ, announced with a certain wistfulness that the exploits of General Müller in Thuringia were as significant as the Saverne affair before 1914.

From that point onward, the situation changed rapidly. Federal action began against Saxony and the Berlin *Reichswehr* entered Dresden to the sound of fifes and drums. Machine guns rattled. Several persons fell dead on the pavement, but the desired result was achieved. The Saxon parliament dissolved, the Socialist government was imprisoned and its chief promptly accused of embezzlement. The victorious army continued

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its march, bringing Thuringia back under the jurisdiction of the Reich, and only stopped at the Bavarian frontier because von Kahr was so afraid of an attack against Bavarian separatism that he himself put a stop to the adventure on which Hitler and Ludendorff had embarked. The form of the German republic was changing.

Thus, within the space of a few days, Gustav Stresemann had reconstituted an almost shattered country. It was a task worthy of Bismarck and it was attained not in the flushed enthusiasm of victory and conquest, but after the humiliations of defeat and under the scrutiny of foreign eyes. This immense achievement assured the integrity of the nation and for the second time saved the new empire.

THIS work alone might have given the chancellor sufficient glory, but he judged it incomplete. Thinking the hour had not yet come to restore entirely the hegemony of Prussia, he merely expressed his regret that the post of chancellor no longer included the prime ministership of Prussia, and, trusting in the full powers he had given to von Seeckt to create a favorable political situation, when the new money was issued he undertook another mission, and embarked on a foreign policy that was going to lead vanquished Germany to independence and complete sovereignty.

His first gesture was to terminate passive resistance and resume relationships with the powers of Western Europe. People accused him of being converted to pacifism and internationalism, but such statements made real Germans smile, for they did not fail to grasp that idealism was not a conviction of Gustav Stresemann's but a method. They knew that this disciple of Bismarck was as capable as his master at adapting himself to circumstances, and that he could speak, if need be, a language appropriate to the vanquished.

This realism, moreover, was quickly rewarded. As a result of negotiations with France, the Reich again acquired the right to intervene in Rhineland affairs. Stresemann profited from this opportunity to crush the separatist movement and to persuade the Catholics, who had temporarily been seduced by it, to cease coöperating in a southern confederation from which Lutheran Prussia was to be excluded. But this policy was merely a means to an end, not the only means to be sure, but the chief one. What Stresemann understood above all else was that France and Germany must stop running their heads together, for the Reich had learned by experience how dangerous this conflict could be. He therefore proposed the Locarno Pact, whose essential element was that Rhineland affairs were no longer to be regulated by the Berlin or Paris governments only, but that London and Rome were also to participate and that the voices of England and of Italy might thus be raised, if need be, in behalf of the integrity of

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Germany's western frontiers. In this way, the Rhine, having been nearly lost, was definitely saved.

And now let us turn our attention to the east. Locarno did not tie Germany's hands in this direction, but allowed the Reich to retain freedom of action. This was something, but not enough. Gustav Stresemann realized that he could draw enough strength from the east to be able to resist any exigencies that might arise in the west.

'Germany is bigamous,' he might have said, not without a touch of irony, for shortly after signing the Locarno agreement he concluded with Russia the Treaty of Berlin, which supplemented the Rapallo agreement. In this way he created the political instrument that he was going to use so successfully. The double lever was ready. He would exert pressure to the right and left alternately, and on each occasion lessen Germany's servitude.

The traditional vice in which Poland was to be squeezed was formed and stood ready to be applied. The marriage he concluded with Russia was no love match. 'We have taken a mortgage on the future,' Stresemann declared. 'Perhaps our *rapprochement* with Moscow will not yield us any great immediate benefit but it is bound to contain future possibilities.' This is indeed the language of a farsighted statesman who forgot at times to wear his mask of the 'Great European' as successfully as he might, for to France he played a different tune.

IN DOMESTIC affairs he also availed himself of whatever instruments the times he lived in provided. He had begun, and wished to complete, his Bismarckian labors, but he could only use the means that were at his disposition. For that reason he rallied to the support of the republican régime, although he never abandoned his monarchist convictions and constantly tried to bridge the gap between present and past Germany. He fully understood what benefits he could extract from the Republic, but, thanks to the Republic, he set about repairing the unity of the country to the advantage of Prussia. Thanks also to the Republic he believed that he could aggrandize the nation and dreamed of a greater Germany that democracy would bring into being, but that would perhaps not have displeased Bismarck in certain respects. The republic that he started erecting in 1923 had in reality nothing in common with the Weimar republic.

Stresemann clearly understood that he was guiding the destinies of a Bismarckian republic and that the new Prussian state was to support the entire German Reich. He knew that universal suffrage would assure leadership to the native land of Luther and Frederick II, and that the latter's bureaucracy, army, and centralizing spirit would prevail. Germany was no longer an orphan, it no longer rested on an abstraction; once again it had a solid backbone.

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But in this domain, too, there was still work to be done. Little by little Prussia was absorbing the small northern states, and under the pretext of economy was providing more and more functionaries, even to states of moderate size, and Stresemann took pains to favor a certain project designed to bring about a symbolic merger between Prussia and the Reich. Nevertheless, particularism, which had long been described as the law of German history, had not yet completely died. Bavaria, when menaced with complete assimilation, put up resistance. Even Austria wondered if it would really be to her interest to join an empire so visibly dominated by its Lutheran capital. Stresemann therefore asked himself how the future *Anschluss* could be justified in foreign eyes. How could support be found when the moment to constitute a greater Germany arrived if democracy no longer reigned in Germany and if the right of self-determination was too obviously being trampled under foot? In other words, why renounce entirely the fiction of the Weimar republic, when it is this fiction that arouses German patriotism in the masses? Moreover, the Republic is an inoffensive affair in domestic politics because the spirit of order has been restored and now functions quite independently. Inspired by their Populist leader, a great unifying and Bismarckian party grouped itself together, including all believers in Prussian force, from Socialists like Noske, Ebert, and Löbe, who were imbued with a feeling for order and discipline, to the great industrialists in whom Stresemann aroused the national idea, and even including certain Catholics, who were won over by the strong policies of the Lutherans.

This inoffensive Republic has proved itself consistently effective. It is preparing the *Anschluss*, which in turn, will stimulate the enthusiasm of conquest and stifle the last vestiges of particularism, thus achieving a real Bismarckian empire in much the same way that an earlier imperial Germany was created in 1870. And when the time is ripe, this new Republic will know how to reap the advantages that the democratic principles of Weimar will have assured.

THUS the domestic and foreign policies of Stresemann became reconciled, for they were the fruit of a single, finely conceived effort directed toward a single end. This effort, to be sure, has not yet come to full fruition. No matter. Look at modern Germany as her late foreign minister did. She possesses freedom of action and her political independence is assured. 'This heart will last long enough,' Stresemann told me in 1923 at the moment of his most dramatic activities, 'to free the Rhineland.'

The liberation of German territory has virtually been attained. The financial burdens have been lightened, and they are no longer secured by a political mortgage. What is more important, a restored Germany is

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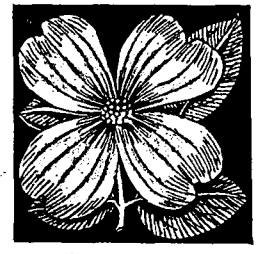
now able to choose her friends, and, if Locarno yields results, she can make use of Italian support, without giving up the support of Russia.

A consolidated empire, soon to be increased and strengthened, unified under the Prussian sceptre, hopeful, rich in the prospects of expansion, bearing the seeds of aggrandizement that its new Bismarck has sown far and wide—such is the Germany of 1929. One needs only compare the Germany of 1923, torn with civil war and at the mercy of any foreign power, to be able to measure, perhaps not the grandeur of the man, but at least the extent of the work that he pursued ceaselessly for six years, the work that he dreamed of and lived to see almost completed.



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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Three Literary Prizes

THE LITERARY WORLD of Paris celebrated one of its red-letter days of the year on the fifth of last December, when the three outstanding prizes for the best novels of 1929 were awarded. The most important of these, the Prix Goncourt, went to *L'Ordre*, by Marcel Arland; the Prix Théophraste Renaudot was won by Marcel Aymé's *La Table aux crevés;* and the Prix Femina by *La Joie*, by Georges Bernanos.

At eleven in the morning, while the Restaurant Drouant, where the Goncourt Committee's award was to be made, was buzzing with excited expectation, the thirty-year-old recipient of this honor was conducting his daily class at the College of Seine-et-Oise, far from the teeming metropolis. Suddenly, however, the telephone interrupted his peaceful labors with the message that he must take the next train to Paris, where fame and photographers were awaiting him. M. Arland was born in Varennes in 1899 and he already has several successful novels to his credit, though he has been devoting the entire past four years to the three volumes which constitute *L'Ordre*. His writings, which possess remarkable depth, have been chiefly devoted to the post-War *mal de siècle* which, he believes, goes down to the very substructure of contemporary civilization. His book portrays two half-brothers, one of whom epitomizes order of a banal, unimaginative kind, while the other is a rebel with anarchistic tendencies. Both men love the same woman and she, in turn, really prefers the more turbulent spirit, though she clings finally to the prudent one. The rebel leads a stormy life and finally comes home to die, aged and ill, for his desperate attitude can lead him to no other destiny. Yet the title of the book is perhaps ironic, since the order which the normal brother personifies is a weak and unsatisfactory thing and not the eternal order for which everyone is supposed to yearn. M. Arland himself is a fundamentally religious spirit and believes that a man who loses faith in God loses also all moral sense and finds only emptiness.

While the Goncourt jury was busily deliberating in an upper room of the restaurant, a smaller gathering on the floor below was debating who should receive the Théophraste Renaudot prize. This Academy, newer than the Goncourt, but no less serious, had to await the other's decision in order to choose a different author. It had picked upon M. Marcel Aymé as its first choice, but in case he received the Goncourt prize, it had planned to bestow the honor upon *La Passion d'Antoine Caruel*, by Marcel Nalpas.

M. Marcel Aymé, who has already written three novels, is even younger than M. Arland, for he was born in 1902 at Joigny. He has spent most of his life at Dôle, whose countryside forms the setting for *La Table aux crevés*. And a picturesque and exciting setting it is, a country inhabited by woodcutters and unlicensed fishermen, who customarily spend their summers in the forests, and their winters in prison, whence they return to be fêted and embraced. Briefly, *La Table aux crevés* is one more of those faithful studies of the life of French peasants, their feuds, superstitions, and their often brutal customs. A café brawl, a horrible suicide, and a conspiracy, all described with the

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keenest psychological observation, go to make this book an outstanding piece of tragic writing.

After prolonged debate, many tears, much wailing, and seven ballots, a feminine committee called the '*Vie Heureuse*' finally, at 1:55 of this eventful December fifth, awarded the Prix Femina to *La Joie*, by M. Georges Bernanos, and the journalists who were gathered in the room of the Cercle Interallié, where the meeting took place, seemed pleased with the decision in spite of having to lunch at so late an hour.

Georges Bernanos was born in Paris in 1888. He was brought up by Jesuits, studied law, and three years ago, while he was living modestly at Bar-le-Duc, working as an inspector for an insurance company, he published his first novel, *Sous le Soleil de Satan*. This brought him sudden and thunderous celebrity as a great writer and a great psychologist. It was considered for a prize by several literary juries, but failed to obtain a majority anywhere. His new book is the story of a preacher who loses his faith. Like M. Arland, this author is disturbed over the disarray of the universe and its present inhabitants, but his ardent Catholicism leads him to the sure conviction that holiness and religion will save the day.

For Men Only

A GROUP OF RUGGED Britishers who just don't care what they do have organized a Men's Dress Reform Party that has issued a series of suggestions calculated to bring greater health and happiness to the few of us left who persist in trying to look like creatures that once were men. Starting with undergarments, the society recommends a 'loose or cellular tissue,' since it 'enmeshes the air and permits free body ventilation while it safeguards the wearer against sudden rapid losses of heat by radiation.' Collars and ties must go, but the Byronic —or, better still, the Barrymoric—effect so popular now among the proletariat is highly commended, though what these reformers really want is to strip the very shirts from our backs, replacing them with the more virile blouse, which 'in the course of its history has been as much a male as a female garment and in some forms is still used by Continental workmen.'

As for the coat, it too possesses 'grave disadvantages,' since it 'seriously impedes the movement of the arms,' while 'the fact that a man cannot remove his coat without appearing partially undressed places him at a great disadvantage to women. For this reason dress reform should aim at making the shirt and blouse respectable as outer garments by making them sufficiently decorative for this purpose.' As possible substitutes for this outworn—and, in so many cases, worn-out—piece of apparel, jumpers, cardigans, and tunics are warmly urged.

Defying the Marquis of Queensberry rules and hitting below the belt, the committee even makes the radical suggestion that trousers must no more be seen, but should be at once replaced by shorts, breeches, or kilts. The plus four is banned on æsthetic grounds, and the long pants are condemned for their 'gaunt tubularity' as well as for having 'the serious disadvantage of being damp and dirt collectors, especially when the ends are permanently turned up.' In fact, the members of the committee have reserved for long trousers some of their most savage epithets—'horrible contraptions,' they are called, and 'the dirtiest, stupidest garments ever devised.'

But it is not until he puts on evening dress that the reformed Beau Brummell will appear at his best. The ideal costume for formal wear is to include a fine white silk or satin blouse and over it a waistcoat in the style of a jumper or pull-over sweater and outside that a cape of velvet or of corduroy. Hats are not considered necessary and sandals should be worn in place of shoes.

Student Life in Germany

IN SPITE OF the high cost of living in Germany since the War, and the devastating effects of currency inflation, the number of students pursuing higher

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learning has more than doubled, and three new universities, those of Hamburg, Cologne, and Frankfurt, have had to be created to meet their demands. Furthermore, since 1919 an increasing number of women seem to be thirsting to drink of the Pierian spring, until now they constitute thirteen per cent of the total number of students. Forty-three *Hochschule* (which do not correspond to our high schools but rather to advanced and specialized colleges) prepare students for a definite trade or profession. Everywhere a wide range of courses is offered and a complete liberty of choice is allowed.

Poverty has made the life of students difficult, but they have hit upon some solutions. So far only ten per cent of them work their way through, as compared with fifty per cent in the United States, and these industrious souls are aided by a coöperative society called the Wirtschaftshilfe, which does its best to reduce the pressure of material needs. For instance, a sum of between twelve and twenty cents will buy a substantial meal at a coöperative restaurant and lodgings can be procured for ten dollars a month, service and morning coffee included. The student can also have his laundry done and his shoes and suits made for twenty or thirty per cent less than regular commercial prices at establishments controlled by the Wirtschaftshilfe. While pursuing his studies he can find odd jobs and tutoring, and he can spend his vacation doing well-paid work in a factory or on a farm. He can go to a translating bureau which employs both German and foreign students and there enlighten local business men as to the contents of their correspondence, Leipzig being the most important centre for work of this nature.

The Wirtschaftshilfe, which is subsidized by the state and by private individuals, has at its disposal a sum from which it lends money at the rate of three per cent to enable students to finish their studies and pass their examinations.

Thanks to its assistance, six universities have already built student houses and similar dormitories are being planned elsewhere.

Ernst Glaeser in Paris

GERMANY'S POST-WAR conquest of France proceeds apace—at least in the field of literature. *All Quiet on the Western Front* sold three hundred thousand copies in the French translation and now Ernst Glaeser's *Class of 1902*, which describes the War-time vicissitudes of the German boys who were too young to fight, has enjoyed so large a sale that its author went to Paris to autograph copies of his book and to give his opinion on contemporary life and literature. An interviewer from *Comœdia* describes him as a pale, blond youth of twenty-seven, unable to speak a word of French, but eager to express his disillusionment through the medium of an interpreter. Here are some of the high points of his conversation:—

A great disgust has laid hold of the world. Men are doubting the value of ideals; they have lost their faith. Justice? Liberty? Loyalty? Have done with them—the War ruined all those elements in us, for it finally appeared to us as merely a piece of business and not a defense of national liberties. When the Treaty of Versailles is mentioned, people say that if Germany had won, she would have acted just as the Allies did, that she would have protected and favored her own trade, her own industry, her own agriculture. And this is just one instance of our all-pervading skepticism.

The cause of it—the profound cause of it—is a spiritual collapse. Why do people work nowadays? Not to edify a world in which everything is orderly and understandable. No. People work because of necessity or because of their sense of duty. What has become of the conscience? Everything everywhere is disintegrating. Those who believed that the War was going to give humanity a fresh lease of life were deceived. The War destroyed the faith in us that enabled us to keep on living. What are the consequences of this ruin? They cannot fail to be terrible. Just wait a

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little longer. The next generation will become familiar with them.

Art cannot be counted upon to provide much assistance, for its essence, in Herr Glaeser's opinion, is fluid. It is valuable only as a symptom.

> Art is the mirror of human metamorphoses. It reflects them all. Life is an entity, but it is constantly changing and art expresses it all. It expresses man's physiognomy as it really exists, for nothing is antipathetic to art. Whether we wish it to do so or not, it reveals all of life and all that life attempts to hide. Humanity can only know itself absolutely through art.

It is only natural that a man so disgusted with life and so enthusiastic about art should find inspiration in the works of James Joyce. Glaeser describes the author of *Ulysses* as an innovator and a precursor, and a great writer whose 'pitiless representation of reality' is already having a profound influence on European literature. But the significant thing about Mr. Glaeser's growing pains is not the opinions to which they have led him but that these opinions have aroused as much interest and sympathy in victorious France/as in defeated Germany.

A Spanish Museum Moves

THE SPANISH DICTATORSHIP is hard at work establishing a centre for Spain's artistic and historical patrimony, and as part of the programme the famous Artillery Museum of Madrid has been moved to Toledo. When the Madrid newspapers unanimously protested against losing this tourist attraction, the Government publicly informed them the next day that their 'puerile' remarks on the subject would not be tolerated in the future. There is already a well known military museum in Toledo, and the Government believes that it will help tourists and students to have all the relics of Spain's military past together, housed in the noble and ancient Alcázar de Charles V.

The Artillery Museum was started in the middle of the eighteenth century. Since then, however, it has grown into a large collection that filled a two-story building and included pieces that date from earliest Spanish history, such as the two swords that belonged to Boabdil, the last Moorish king of Granada, and the clumsy catapults that were used against him by the victorious Christian armies.

One room contains a complete sequence of hand weapons, both of powder and blade, from the earliest hand cannons to the most modern daggers. The walls are hung with the shields and trade-marks of the armorers of Toledo, who made the finest swords in Europe. The oversea room has the remnants of the banner which Hernan Cortes carried in the conquest of Mexico, but the most spectacular piece in the whole murderous display is a full-sized modern cannon, of shining nickel, given to King Alfonso by the house of Krupp.

Besides armaments there is a collection of famous autographs of various individuals who helped make Spanish history. One is a letter sent by Lord Nelson, the English admiral, to the Spanish commander of the Canary Islands, thanking him for caring for him when he was wounded, and mentioning that he was sending, as tokens of gratitude, a barrel of English beer and a large cheese.

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THE PARADOX OF AUSTRALIA

Out-Americanizing America

By Dr. Colin Ross

Translated from the *Vossische Zeitung*, Berlin Liberal Daily

AUSTRALIA, THE COUNTRY THAT enjoys the highest standard of living in the world, the country where wages are highest, the country which the unemployed workers of overpopulated Europe regard as a paradise set apart because its happy six million inhabitants would keep their wealth for themselves and forbid sweated labor, once upon a time was a continent that nobody wanted. Australia was discovered four times, by the Portuguese, the Spanish, the Dutch, and the English, and it had apparently been discovered before that by the Indians and the Arabs, but until the English came nobody was able to extract any value from it. Its bleak, barren shores to the north and west, which were the only places where people had landed, looked extremely uninviting, and in consequence the various discoverers either forgot the place or kept their discovery a secret, as was the case with the Spaniards, who reckoned that if they could not make use of what they had found nobody else should have an opportunity to do so.

Even the English would probably not have turned to account the discovery of Captain Cook were it not for the fact that they had just lost their American colonies, and were looking for a distant land to which criminals could be deported. And thus it was that the Union Jack was planted on the sixth of December, 1786, in New South Wales, which then comprised the entire continent, except for West Australia, and

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which was promptly developed into a penal colony. Practically speaking, therefore, it is less than one hundred and fifty years since this whole new continent began to figure in the development of Europe and began to assimilate its emigrants. It was an empty continent, a land without people, but that was just what England wanted. No bloody warfare was necessary such as had to be fought in North America to dispossess the original inhabitants, for the few hundred thousand Australian aborigines amounted to nothing at all. They died off almost of themselves as European civilization gradually pushed them into the interior.

BUT when the English took possession, Australia not only lacked men; it was also and above all an utterly empty continent. It looked as if God had not finished his task of creation here. He had made a good beginning in the east and had wrought a splendid coast line with lovely cliffs and harbors. Back of this He had placed vast forests and marvelous blue mountains, but He had apparently grown weary and left the rest of the continent unfinished, for it consisted of nothing but sand and rock on which only dry grass and wretched little bushes grew.

The animals and human beings that populated this continent were just as miserable as its vegetation. The forests consisted of nothing but eucalyptus trees, and the animal kingdom included only a few kangaroos, dingoes, and opossums. And the inhabitants—dear God! They ran about stark naked, not even wearing loin cloths, and their tools were of the most primitive variety. They were real savages, men of the Stone Age, at the lowest cultural level conceivable.

Australia was the youngest continent and therefore uncompleted, at least so people thought when the white man was quite different from what he is to-day, when he believed that he was made in God's image, and was convinced that European civilization represented the greatest achievement of the human race. At that time, however, anthropology and ethnography were not sufficiently developed for scholars to recognize that a very primitive civilization may run parallel to a very high degree of culture. These Australian Stone-Age men had anything but primitive ideas of God and the world, and their intellectual and spiritual capacities were by no means inconsiderable. But unfortunately this fact was not discovered until nearly all of these aborigines had been exterminated and the few that were left had degenerated sadly.

At the time when Australia was first settled, people would have indignantly denied what we recognize to-day as a scientifically established fact, to wit, that these poor savages are our direct ancestors and that Australia is the cradle of humanity. For Australia was already dry land when the other continents were still submerged by the sea. Its flora and fauna date back to prehistoric times and the marsupial, a primitive type of mammal, exists only in Australia, whereas in other

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parts of the world, it has been replaced by more highly organized animals who are not handicapped by having to carry their young in a pouch. And just as early forms of animal life still linger in Australia, so the remains of the earliest type of human life also exist there. The oldest human fossil ever excavated, the Pithecanthropus, was dug up on the island of Java which once linked Australia and Asia.

It is now believed that three groups of emigrants left their native continent of Australia, the negro going to Africa, the Mongolian to Asia, where he spread from Lapland to North America, and the third group going to India, southwestern Asia, and Europe. Subjected to different climates and different conditions of life, these three groups of wanderers developed in different ways and, as thousands of years passed, their various cultures blossomed and died. But those who stayed on the continent that had given them birth remained congealed in their original cultural state. Then, at some date an upheaval of the earth cut Australia off from the rest of the world and transformed it into an island continent where human beings, animals, and plants continued to preserve their original forms.

Of course this is all only an hypothesis, and it may be false or true. But what impresses me personally is the astounding fact that one encounters among the Australian aborigines all different types: the negroid, the Mongolian, and the Caucasian with blond hair and an almost purely European cast of countenance. Such matters as these, however, were far from the thoughts of the first English settlers. They brought to the oldest part of the earth's surface the newest forms of European civilization and began exploiting the unfinished continent in their own fashion.

ALTHOUGH I call Australia the unfinished continent I none the less regard the Australian way of living as the farthest stage of development that Western civilization will attain. This seems like a contradiction, for physically speaking Australia is unfinished. It is raw material that the spirit of contemporary man has not yet molded, but in the places where this continent has been exploited by white men, as is the case in its southeastern districts, it is overdeveloped and has fulfilled its destiny too soon. What has happened is that social forms that have been maturing in Europe for centuries have been superimposed here within the space of three generations. The Wild-West type, the bushman, the solitary inhabitant of empty deserts, who struggles alone against nature, has suddenly become a social being, working in conjunction with others, with the crowd, and enjoying the rhythm of coöperative activity.

The reason for the highly gregarious instinct of the average Australian, the '*horror vacui*' that he feels, may be due to his recollection of the dreadful period he spent alone in the bush, and those who emerge from

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this solitude may seek for human society at any price. But, for my part, I prefer to believe that Western civilization has reached its final stage in Australia because there is a profound similarity between this final stage and primitive culture.

The tendency to live in cities and the gregarious instinct are characteristic of our epoch, but in Europe and even in America these tendencies cannot fulfill themselves completely because economic and social considerations as well as traditions and prejudices stand in the way. But there are no peasants in Australia like those in Europe and no farming classes such as exist in America. The Australian does not live off the land because some inner need forces him to do so, or is he impelled to raise crops because he feels himself identified with nature and the soil. He only farms in order to make money, and often out of true economic necessity. As soon as he can get away he invariably emigrates to the city.

Grotesque as it may seem, it is none the less a fact that the Australian is the modern man in his final stage of development. He is healthy, well trained physically, fond of sports to the point of imbecility, democratic and socially minded. He wants to live well, work as little as possible, and he has no spiritual needs and does not worry about this world or the next.

Of course I am generalizing, and I am not doing justice to an infinitesimally small group of intellectual and artistic Australians, but generalizations are the only means by which I can discuss this amazingly interesting continent.

If one had to outline very briefly the development of Western civilization, the order would be: European, American, Australian. In the United States this classification might be rejected, but that does not prevent its being true. Australian life and Australian economics have arrived at a stage which America is only just beginning to enter. Australia has passed through that phase of incessant labor, the period when an unlimited income is the only aim in life, from which the United States is only just beginning to emerge. The present American generation believes in the ballad of the happy life. But, in the western part of the United States and particularly in California, a tendency has been developing which has long been characteristic of Australia, for in a rather warm climate one can lead as pleasant a life as one could wish in the big cities on comparatively little work. I am not attempting to assign values here or to draw moral conclusions, I am merely stating facts, and this statement leads me to conclude that life in a big city is the form of existence that most people to-day prefer, and since the Australian is the outstanding representative of Western civilization, one need not seek further to discover why nearly two-thirds of the population of Australia dwells in cities.

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DURING the last fifty years this tendency has been growing stronger and stronger. Population has doubled, but all this growth has been confined to the big cities, for the rural districts have witnessed a decline of population not only relative but absolute. To-day 43 per cent of the inhabitants of the country live in six big cities, and in some states the proportion is even greater. Melbourne, the capital of Victoria, contains 54 per cent of the population of that state, and Adelaide contains 55 per cent of the population of South Australia. With a total population of six millions, Australia has two cities of a million inhabitants.

This disproportion between city and country dwellers is not due to industrialization as is the case in Europe, for only 7 per cent of the people in Australia are engaged in industry. It is merely due to the absolute refusal of the modern Australian to live in the country. When distances permit him to do so, the Australian farmer lives in a city, or at least his family lives in the city, and the husband goes to his farm every morning in an automobile. Of course the only thing that makes this practice possible is that hardly any animals are used in Australian agriculture and that everything is done with machines. It is also due to the peculiar character of Australian cities. Villages and peasants are equally rare, but each agricultural district is dotted here and there with towns that include churches, schools, hotels, shops, and garages. Such towns, even the smallest of them, are really cities and not villages, and they do not differ in the way they are laid out from big metropolises.

BUT the general tendency, as I have shown before, is to settle in cities, and their inhabitants are not farmers who till their soil in the outlying districts, but people from the country who have given up agriculture, preferring to make a little money and live well in the city, rather than make a lot of money and work hard in the country. Thus, most of the inhabitants of these cities, aside from the people engaged in industry, are a dead weight. There are far too many officials, far too large a professional class of doctors, lawyers, architects, etc., far too many shopkeepers, business men, and brokers who produce nothing. Then there are all the employees of industries engaged in providing pleasure as well as a great quantity of unemployed who seem to be a complete anomaly in such an empty land, and all of these people must be nourished by the comparatively few real producers.

This producing class consists, as it did fifty years ago, of farmers and cattle men, and of a few people engaged in mining and industry. But the declining number of farm owners and farm workers must now feed twice as large a population, which in turn produces nothing, but maintains the highest standard of living of any country in the world. For decades Australia has been conducting the immense socialist experiment of regulating wages, not by means of supply and demand but by the cost

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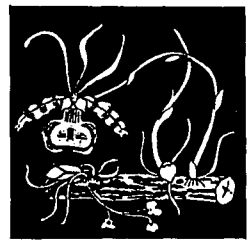
of living, and it has established a minimum wage that bears no relation to the actual output of the worker.

At first sight this would seem to be an impossible task, and a task that grows more and more difficult as long as the present tendency to do easier and less work and to leave the farms continues. The situation, however, is eased by the fact that agricultural labor has been mechanized and motorized to an extent undreamed of in Europe and that Australia is only feeding six million people on an extent and wealth of soil that in other parts of the world must suffice sixty million or even six times sixty million people. And that is why Australia does not feel that an unlimited increase of population represents the height of wisdom.



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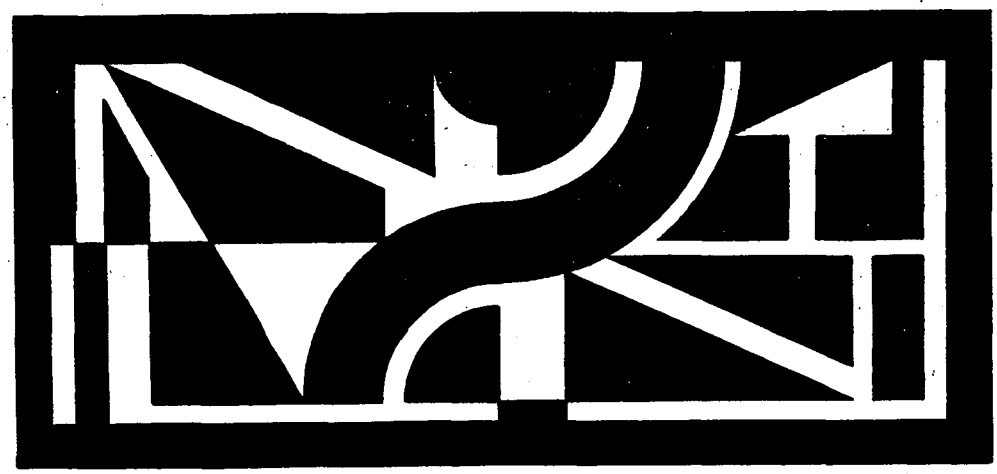

THE PERIL TO LETTERS

Beauty and the Machine Age

By Hilaire Belloc

From the *New Statesman*, London Independent Weekly

THE VERY RAPID CHANGE through which Western Europe is passing leads me to ask a question, the answer to which I conceive to be of moment to my generation.

Is it not possible that literature—the highest of merely human arts—will perish? We have inherited it from the past (including under that term times still within living memory). Till lately we thought it secure; we took it for granted. Is it now so sure?

The whole scheme of our lives is passing through a material revolution which (though each reacts on the other) is not the cause but the effect of a moral one. But people have hardly appreciated as yet the magnitude of the change.

Nearly all our finest matter in the way of letters has been produced under conditions of sufficient isolation in communion with the processes of nature and under conditions of sufficient 'elbow room' in time. One might draw up a category at random of a dozen situations or a hundred, each of which has produced the highest verse and prose in the past: the silent contemplation of landscape, the slow journey by foot or horse, the contrast between the small city and its neighboring fields, the entry of a boat under sails into harbor.

Take this last example, the entry of a sailing boat into harbor. There is, in the diversity of the experience, in its majesty of movement

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as a rule, or again in its rarer occasions of peril and stress, but especially in its consonance with the nonmechanical, not man-made forces around the boat, a particular quality which you will never find under conditions always similar and perpetually repeated precisely because they are mechanical; which you will never find in movements whereof the major parts depend on mechanism.

NOW at this point (it is a digression but it is pertinent) many will answer:—

'What does that matter? If we live in a new world we will describe that new world just as our fathers described their world—which remained so much the same from the highest antiquity of civilization to but a few years ago. Our theme is infinite, just as their theme was infinite. We have, to excite our desire to produce, material as ample and as stimulating as anything they knew. There is no peril. Letters are safe. They will add to themselves a new and great chapter; that is all.'

To this objection I would answer:—

'Description is not the point. Beauty is the point. How shall *Beauty* flourish in this new air?'

A writer who can only evoke reality is not a great writer. No one sustains the culture of mankind, or bequeaths it a great thing, because he merely registers an emotion or merely provokes one. A man speaking to men is great in proportion as he can call up from the unseen, and clothe in definite substance, can incarnate, can render permanent our three dear old friends, the Good, the Beautiful, and the True—and especially the one in the middle. For while it is the business of the inspired to present the Good, and of philosophers to present the True, writers, like other artists, can at least support and complete the triple task by putting forth the Beautiful.

Well, how are you going to get that task accomplished under regular, exactly repeated, blind environments? How are you going to get it in the midst of a deafening metallic noise? How are you going to get it under conditions such that the processes stimulating you to description are too rapid for the distillation of beauty as well as too violent, and, above all, too mechanical?

In connection with this consider the tendency of all the modern social curve toward the destruction of leisure; not only of that occasional leisure which a man working, however hard, with his pen or at teaching or at any other liberal profession could always find in an older world, but of that more expanded leisure wherein flourished as in a native air the writer of every kind—the scholar, the romancer, the poet, the historian. It is not insignificant that the greatest historians have been men granted such full leisure by patronage or endowment or private fortune.

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THE time in which we live tends to destroy such amplitude of leisure not because, as its enemies vaguely say, it is a time of haste and fuss. To say that is to say something circular; to reaffirm instead of explaining. No, the time in which we live is tending to destroy the old conditions of amply sufficient leisure because it is chiefly concerned with the settling of that very difficult political problem, the insecurity and the nervous ill ease of a nation occupied almost entirely in mechanical labor.

Mechanical labor, organized under highly centralized and very large groups of capital, whether these be privately owned or communally or coöperatively directed, is an ungrateful task. Men who never felt rebellious against the labor of the fields and the household are rebellious against industrial work. They are not happy, save in its absence, and they feel it unjust that certain among their fellow citizens can enjoy a leisure which they, bound to the industrial system, cannot enjoy. That sense of injustice it is imperative we should remedy or the industrial machine will stop working. We are attempting to remedy it. But in doing so we are destroying the 'social atmosphere' of leisure. For this feeling of injustice is not so strongly felt against the very few and very large fortunes as against a great number of moderate fortunes—moderate, but sufficient to secure leisure. Now, it was precisely this large body of moderate and secure fortunes which gave society as a whole its atmosphere of leisure. The tendency of the modern industrial system to enregiment the workers into a mechanical life for the advantage of comparatively few and very wealthy men does not menace an unstable future.

But what is unstable and is menaced, and what does seem to have little chance of survival, is the old, widely spread leisure of that cultivated middle class which gave us most of our verse and nearly all the best of our prose, and, what is essential to both, a certain social medium, present throughout the state, in which great verse and high prose can not only have their being, but can also be judged by a sound critical sense.

Note how to-day, when men ask, in some popular competition or other, who is the greatest writer in their scale, they reply—ninety-nine out of a hundred of them—with the name of some one who is producing fiction which sells on an enormous scale to a class knowing little or nothing of true leisure. Some few of these Best Sellers are excellent writers; some mediocre in their art, most quite negligible. Under the old and true tests, literature was sifted through the appreciation of a leisured class large enough to judge securely and sufficiently widespread to give its tone to the commonwealth. That organic function in the state—the critical faculty which created fame and handed down the corpus of letters to posterity—is disappearing. Perhaps it is already lost.

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NOW, let it be granted that this is not an evil. Let it be granted that an ignorance of, and contempt for, beauty—as for truth and for the good—can do no great harm to the commonwealth. Personally, I think this modern claim a contradiction in terms; but no matter; let us for argument's sake admit that the loss of our old sense of loveliness is an advance. There still remains the really interesting historical point, whether we are not racing toward a period in which there will be a breach of continuity with the past. We may be on the edge of such a gulf between the letters of the past and those of a distant future. It may prove a gulf far deeper, and with an effect more drastic, than the gulf of the early Dark Ages.

It has been very well said that no period tells, with regard to itself, what posterity will want to know. That is three-quarters of the difficulty in writing history. For instance, *we*, when we read of the fourth or fifth centuries, are interested in race and language. But the people of the time were interested in theology, and give us most meagre and contradictory accounts of language and race. Or again, when we write of the seventeenth century, and of the great social and religious changes therein, *we* are interested in numbers. The people of the time only occasionally referred to numbers, and that in the roughest manner and with no statistical concern in their minds. *They* were occupied in the consideration of powerful persons and how such would act, and in the conflict of principles. They were not much bothered by majorities. And when we try to find out how the numbers stood we are half baffled.

Well, the converse is true. Not only does the past not tell us what we want to know about it, but men lose interest in great patches of the past. They get completely out of touch with it. Hitherto this only happened for comparatively brief periods, as, for instance, the eclipse of feeling for the Gothic between the mid-sixteenth century and the very end of the eighteenth. Does it not look as though now we were about to enter a world in which men would first of all cease to understand, and soon after cease to take interest in, the emotions proceeding from leisure, the emotions proceeding from a life in consonance with nonmechanical and natural processes? Does it not look as though, after a certain amount of such indifference, we should lose all touch with, not some period of our past, but *all* our past? It is one of the many things which alarm me in a contemplation of the world into which I have survived.

. . . And that new Peril through Industrialism is symbolized by a new, inhuman noise.

I SAT but a few weeks ago in an English garden of such beauty as only English gardens in South England still know. It was a deep summer evening in the late August of last year. The place was in the very depth of Hampshire field and wood, remote from any town or even

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village. It stood near a hamlet of few roofs and the downs were about it. As I watched the divine bronze of the western sky drooping slowly to silence and repose, a loud-speaker, some hundred yards away, more powerful than a company of men, bawled through its gigantic snout a Yankee nigger song of (to me, at least) a very novel barbarity. Even as this noise appalled the air there approached along the little English lane under the tall elm trees a noise increasing in volume abominably. It recalled a machine gun, or, more closely, a riveting machine. It passed in a shattering assault of violence and hurled itself away. It was a motor bicycle; and there are a score of them within two miles of that secluded Eden, all in use perpetually.

Such murder is now everywhere admitted and received. It invades every remote acre and has taken root in the ancient solitudes. How, then, shall letters hold their own?

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PABLO PICASSO

Up from Cubism

By Ramón Gómez de la Serna

Translated from the *Revista de Occidente*, Madrid Literary Monthly

PABLO RUIZ PICASSO was born in Malaga on October 20th, 1881. His father was an art professor in Malaga, who decorated fans and walls with borders of white flying doves. His mother was Italian, and related to General Picasso. He spent his childhood in Malaga, absorbing the play of light in that beautiful city, staring at those show windows that leave such deep impressions on children, windows of guitars and bright-colored handkerchiefs. When he was ten years old he went to La Coruña, where his father had been appointed professor in the School of Fine Arts. It was there that his first exhibition was held, in the door of an umbrella shop, while he was still a boy.

The rising fortunes of his father took him to various cities. At fourteen, he went to Barcelona, and the next two years he spent in Madrid. At twenty, he made his first trip to Paris, living in the Montmartre studio of the great Isidoro Nonell.

Obsessed with a new and restless desire to found and to reform, he returned to Madrid, where he became a member of the famous generation of '98, and, as the artist of the group, made discoveries in charcoal of the picturesque capital, with its sinister doorways and lost Bohemians. Wandering about the crowded city, he sensed through the very soles of his shoes that plasticity of visible things which was to be the foundation of his reforms. His companions were Azorín, Baroja, Palomero, and nameless young men who sought taverns where some self-denying host provided unsurpassable food for almost no money.

The oath which Picasso took to be victorious, and not to fall into that endless poverty in which we all live here, made him seize voraciously on every opportunity that arose. He amused himself doing bourgeois interiors and painting fashionable ladies with hats like aureoles of cloth and wire. In Madrid he endured the horror of official exhibitions, whose paintings he would later, in cafés, propose to burn, but he escaped from the current despair that engulfed his generation because he spoke that international language of painting which his companions did not understand.

He saw the dawn of the century from the marvelous hills of Madrid, and something must have appeared in that light which carried him in a constant fever toward far horizons. At the age of twenty he had caught the genial spirit which infused the cafés, and felt himself warmed by Goya, who also had passed from one century to another in Madrid.

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Like Goya, he visualized new routes, and like Goya, too, he never lost touch with common Spanish life, but painted its daily events in pictures of black and gray.

AFTER a trip to Barcelona, in 1901, he went to Paris, where he drew vagabonds, *cocottes*, and thieves in the manner of Steinlen. His first exhibition was held there in the spring. He was influenced at this time by the hunchback, Toulouse-Lautrec, and the desperate Gauguin, and his drawings depicted the wretched Christs and apostles of the cafés, and women who reeked with alcohol, disease, and nicotine. Memories of Spain asserted themselves in the form of twisted, macabre bulls, drawn on dirty cardboard. Repelled by the excessive content that had to go into an exact copy of nature, he never recorded an object's color.

In 1901, at Christmas time, he returned to Spain, poor, and sunk in misery. The spectacle of the gallant world seen from a distance had depressed him, and he entered upon his so-called 'blue period' with gouaches, pastels, and water colors. In 1902, however, he was back in Paris, selling his works for two hundred francs to celebrate Christmas. He left again early in 1903, and spent the following year working in Spain, more and more certain of himself, already capable of capturing an inconceivable kind of reality.

After a return to Paris in 1904, his blue period passed through its circus phase. He went in for blue pugilists and tumblers on beautiful white horses of veined marble. Some of these pictures suggest Holy Families, watched over by an ironic monkey, especially one of a famished couple seated on baggage trunks and feeding a charming child. His Italian background still lived in him, and his harlequins were attaining seraphic perfection. Everything he did then had the air of an Annunciation.

These were the days when Père Soulier, a retired athlete who kept a store next to the Cirque Medrane, used to give him twenty francs for a sketch, while Max Jacob would enjoy the modest parties that these francs made possible. The Stein family began collecting 'Picassos,' and Reber, a future Mæcenas, appeared, as did also Vollard, and Tchoukine and Morosoff, whose collection of Picassos was later to provide a modern nucleus for the Soviet museums. But Picasso's own studio walls were hung with photographs of El Grecos, and the languid influence of Puvis de Chavannes still survived within him remotely.

In 1905, after a calm and clarifying trip to Holland, Picasso emerged from the blue stage into the rose or flesh-colored period of auroral nudes. This period reached its climax in 1906, when he found himself ready to begin a new phase.

In 1907 he returned to the negative confusion of negro art, and filled his studio with the Tikis and Sibitis of Oceania. A lover of primitive

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outlines, he hunted the idols of tangled Africa, and the pure plasticity of simple masks began to appear in his paintings, for he was passing from themes of personal emotion to the ineffable consideration of plasticity and color. The word, 'cubism,' was about to be heard.

IT WAS said to have first been uttered in the Autumn Salon of 1908, by Henri Matisse, when he was standing before a painting of Braque. Cubism is a reaction against the kind of art that arises solely from sense impressions. Braque, the theorist of the doctrine, says, 'The senses deform but the spirit builds.' The impressionists presented objects in accordance with a momentary law of their own, and adorned these objects with ephemeral azaleas of color. Impressionism was the blinding light in a doorway which opened to freedom. Light, however, also exists in nature, and what one must seek in art is nature filtered through the intellect, subjected to a special prism.

To the cubists, reality was intellectual and they added the triumph of intelligence to the sensibility which impressionism had already freed. They ignored both the variable appearances of things, and the atmosphere in which they stood, creating, instead, objects that conformed to some absolute concept. Yet in spite of this method cubist images are not cold, even if they are drawn with compass and rule, for everything the cubists do arises from an impetuous, desperate idealism whose sheer desperation and fanatical austerity end in failure.

Picasso, soberest of all cubists, stands above the æsthetic theories that some dozen apostles of the movement have proclaimed. Severini says, 'The true painter creates the object first, then looks for it around him.' And Braque, 'There is no need to imitate that which one wishes to create.' Picasso, on the other hand, subjects the painter to much harder conditions: 'If a painter should ask me what he must do first to paint a table, I should say: measure it.'

In Picasso cubism acknowledges its Spanish tradition. No school of painting has been so concerned with space as the Spanish. Some one has said that tendencies in painting have oscillated between two poles: Spain and the Orient. Whereas depth constantly obsessed the Spanish painters, the East went in for decorating a flat surface. In Spain, a painting was constructed; in the East, composed.

Picasso never starts from an abstract idea but from an object which his own reason creates, and he sees every object as if it were a complicated watch, made up of many parts. He says, 'I make things as I think they are, not as I see them.'

When too much responsibility is laid upon him as a leader in painting, he replies, 'Art does not evolve, it marches.'

From 1909 to 1912 Picasso painted still lifes, and pictures of dissociated violins. He mixed his grays and browns with cement and brick,

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while other cubists were pasting oilcloth, colored paper, loose sand, and bits of newspapers on their canvases. It was the fashion to make a great deal of the press, to mix its plebeian script in every painting on the pretext of contrasting the facility of type with the absolute values the artist wished to create.

Picasso's cubism reached its summit in 1913, and in the following year the plague of war fell on the whole cubist movement, which then entered its chaotic period. Conservative critics called it *Boche*, internationalist, Jewish, but Picasso had outgrown it as a school. He progressed, instead, toward new solitudes, clothing his art with a new special shade of green, as if the objects he depicted were steeped once more in nature. In 1915, he drew realistic portraits in the manner of Ingres, turning his back on his cubist followers. Never did he achieve a gesture more elusive of old obligations. The Spanish *capeador* had executed a daring withdrawal.

IN 1916 I visited him in a small hotel in the rue Victor Hugo, and, since this was the first time I saw him, I have left his personal description until this moment.

Picasso resembles one of those mechanics who stand at the door of a garage ready to perform some miracle of repair, to provide some new spare part, or somehow to make one's car run again. He resembles that type of Spanish mechanic who never specializes in any one trade, but succeeds solely by virtue of his native ingenuity, after the technique of others has failed. Picasso was leaning against the door of his workshop, in his shirt-sleeves, with his arms crossed, staring as if the whole world were passing before him, mobile, fleeting, yet revealed.

He is a square, athletic type, with the face of a humorous, courteous Spaniard, and a frank expression that occasionally becomes intense. A loose, dangling lock of hair is his one mark of willfulness. Calling off the barking dog which greeted me, he showed me the secrets of his house. First we entered his fine, bourgeois dining-room, where some of his early pictures were hanging. Its most important detail, a relic of his Spanish past, was one of those alabaster fruit dishes that remind one of ancestral fountains. It had been a centrepiece in his childhood home.

As we mounted to the studio I was surprised to see a huge crucifix hanging on the stairs, a terrible figure, evoking the shadow of an eternal crime. The whole upper floor was full of idols fastened to the lower part of the walls. Picasso brought one of the better ones forward with the air of a schoolmaster presenting a precocious pupil. All kinds of other objects were hanging above them, too, children's toys and homemade musical instruments.

Picasso began turning his pictures around, for they had been hung face inward so that visitors could not see them. Finally, he showed me a

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painting in which rectangular bits of cloth were superimposed on each other, divided by 'knives' of shadow. There were only two luminous points on one of the dark pieces of cloth, like two holes shining through it.

Picasso took a man's cap and hung it on the painting and at once it became coördinated and real.

'See how it comes to life,' he said.

The next time I saw Picasso he was in the Rotonde, when it was just a modest bar for hack drivers, who used to come in for a drink, smoking their formidable clay pipes. Modigliani, drunk, was starting an uproar with a friend, while Ortiz de Zárate, with his monstrous face, listened. Picasso, in a slouch hat, was trying to quiet them, smiling at the argument as he did so. Apparently he had come at the last moment to oblige them. On another night he appeared with a beautiful woman dressed in brilliant green. A tiny harlequin of his hung as a pendant about her neck. During all those merciless years of War Picasso created numerous pictures in many different styles which found their way to the collector, Rosenberg, who faithfully awaited the clear, post-War day when all the walls of the new world should be hung only with Picassos.

Toward the end of that sombre period during which painters worked in silence, covering the skylights of their studios at night so as not to reveal Paris to the enemy, Cocteau came one day to the local café in Picasso's old Bohemia. Like an angel announcing the advent of a new life, he proposed that Picasso join Diaghilev's ballet troupe. Since Picasso felt that the ballet was the circus of the modern age, he accepted the position, thus realizing one of his dearest childhood projects. He designed settings and introduced the skyscraper man to the stage. He chose one of the most beautiful dancers as his wife, and Cocteau, Apollinaire, and Max Jacob were guests at his wedding.

THE summer of 1918 he spent drawing portraits of women in Biarritz. In 1919 he summered in French San Rafael, and was influenced by the simple rooms of his rented house, where he painted a small table with genteel bric-a-brac on it, standing before a balcony with a glaring landscape in the background.

In 1920, by the seashore, his Greco-Roman period began. It was then that he specialized in those marvelous acromegalic creations that looked as if they had escaped from the pits of some excavation, and had chosen as their setting the great beaches that dwarf mere human figures. With supreme impudence he created godlike women with the most enormous hands and magnificent feet ever seen by mortal eyes. These huge matrons persisted through 1921 and 1922. In 1923 he dressed up his son, who is also called Pablo Picasso, in a harlequin costume and depicted him in all his boyish restlessness.

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In 1926 he went from harlequins to modern women and from modern women back to cubistic paintings again, imparting to them the finish of glazed tiles. In the summer, at Juan le Pins, he turned to drawing, and in the next year transferred his experiments to nightmarish canvases, with shadow backgrounds scattered with eyes, navels, or a loose breast. Since then he has turned to pure play, achieving supreme elegance with primitive forms.

Picasso has been the glory of our epoch. He might have painted the flags of the new Russia, and it is even said that soldiers of the Red Army stand as guards of honor before his paintings in the Soviet museums. So great is his daring that he seems to make us savages again, but savages with twenty centuries of culture behind them.

At those searching for significant symptoms in his work he smiles, passing them and wandering down unknown paths that lead him to fantastic caprices of color and of structure. 'No one,' he says, 'has thought of asking a chemist to get a pretty reaction or precipitate from his mixtures.'

He advances by stealth, leaving his old paintings behind him, a different style for each season. He understands the nervous system of painting and distributes it in glittering, striking fabrics. Should Picasso leave us a testament? Should he divulge his secret at the end? By no means. Let him sustain himself as something apart from what we see now or ever shall see. Let him enjoy the full freedom of a painter who does not wish to be trivial, who chooses to reply to the world's curiosity with complete indifference.

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THE CHARMS OF MUNICH

Beer and Skittles in Bavaria

By Robert Redslob

Translated from *Le Temps,* Paris Semi-Official Daily

MUNICH IS ONE OF THE FIVE capitals of Germany, an honor it shares with Dresden, Frankfurt, Cologne, and Hamburg. Berlin I omit intentionally, for Berlin is a mass of buildings, not a city. But Munich has a head and a heart. Its university, its museums, its studios, and its theatres go to make up its brains, but its heart is in the Bierstübel, and to acquire a discerning eye for the buildings one must first imbibe in one of the innumerable little sanctuaries that ancestral beverage which can no more be separated from Munich than the pyramids can be separated from Cairo or the Statue of Liberty from New York. Indeed, Munich could be stripped of all her treasures of art and science, and still remain Munich provided she kept her beer, for that is what characterizes the city indelibly. And the word, sanctuary, is not so far from the truth, for we must remember that beer is an object of worship throughout Germany. It is this liquid which determines the state of the German's soul, and which for this reason constantly occupies his mind. I shall always remember seeing a Prussian, as he arrived in Mürren, with one of the most awe-inspiring views in the Alps before him, crying out from the train window to the friend who had come to meet him, 'How is the beer around here?'

Of course we pass an evening in the famous Hofbrau, the Mecca of beer, to which every civilized man should make a pilgrimage. Thick smoke veils our eyes for a time, thick as the fog which fills the stage when

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the curtain goes up on the Nibelungen, an opera so popular in Munich that one of the streets is called 'Lindwurm.' Then little by little forms can be discerned, resembling those in the caves and forests of Wagnerian legends. Groups of men and women sit around their accustomed tables, where their places are reserved by an unwritten law that no one would dare to violate. This sacred custom even foreigners must respect, and every naïve Parsifal who enters this castle of the Holy Grail must observe its rites, or else the scandalized faces of his neighbors will cause his sacrilegious hand to drop the chair it has grasped so unceremoniously and force him to beat a retreat, murmuring his apologies.

The stoneware mugs filled with dark beer have metal covers on them, those containing light beer have none. The convivial company are corpulent and healthy. The women, dressed in green cloaks which fall in long folds to their ankles, attack with good will a second and sometimes a third schooner. There are comfortable silences, for this beer has a mellowing effect. Then an animated conversation begins between friendly groups at various tables. For a quarter of an hour the impending rise in the price of live pigs impassions several matrons. A late comer with a towering head arrives and salutes all his friends. In a stentorian voice he calls out, 'Elisabeth, a sausage salad!' The young queen who rules the tables with calm majesty brings him the dish he demands, and as she places it before him discreetly adds her inevitable and ceremonial wish, 'May you enjoy your meal.' The newcomer, contemplating his salad of sausages and onions, utters not another word. His eyes glisten with a more than terrestrial joy as his massive jaws begin their work.

But who is this affably smiling dwarf gliding among the tables? She is selling post cards with the inscription under her photograph, 'The Smallest Lady in the World.' Curly hair, almost no neck, a quite well-proportioned body set on crooked legs. Age: 27 years; height: 32 inches. The sausage-salad eater has the delicate inspiration to ask her if her lover is faithful.

Our neighbors, hearing us speak French, stare at us sympathetically. One of them tells Elisabeth to bring us some horse-radish so that we can eat our sausage in true German fashion. Some smile, as if to say, 'We can't talk to you because we can't speak French, but you are welcome here!' Thus we know that we have taken no one's place. And when we nod to the assembled company as we at last get up to leave, they cry in chorus, *'Guten Abend!'*

THE next morning we make the rounds of the city. To borrow a term from the vocabulary of music, of which this city on the Isar is a sanctuary, I would say that Munich is an overture. I cannot think of a better simile, for the palaces, churches, and monuments of the Bavarian capital have Mediterranean silhouettes that constitute a leitmotiv of

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what is to follow. Munich is the orchestra playing the prelude, the Alps are the curtain hiding the stage. Thus, in the Ludwigstrasse, one of the principle thoroughfares, we see façades of square, rough-hewn stone like those in Florence, and the royal castle resembles the Pitti Palace. The Propylæa in the midst of the town recall the city of Pericles. The royal church, Allerheiligen Hofkirche, is a copy of the Palatine Chapel at Palermo, an illusion that is only destroyed by the inscription over the door of the left nave, '*Aufgang zur Geheimratstribüne.*' The Generals' Gallery, bearing on its walls the names of vanished provinces, is a replica of the Loggia dei Lanzi in Florence, and in front of it one can feed pigeons just as one does in the Piazza di San Marco. Crossing the torrential Isar, and going along the promenade of the Gasteiganlagen, we come to the Prince Regent's square, whose builders must have had in mind the Piazza Michel-Angelo in Florence.

Munich has an artistic personality. Inspired by beautiful natural surroundings, protected by several cultivated rulers, situated near Austria, whose Germanic heritage was enriched by contacts with Italy and Spain, and, most important of all, far enough away from Prussia, Bavaria's individual genius was able to develop here and at the same time could benefit from the soft influences of the south.

THE University of Munich is an immense Gothic building with a monumental staircase sweeping up from its huge entrance hall. The sombre colors and dim light make it seem like a gloomy mausoleum, perhaps because the architect intended to symbolize in this way the transience of science and truth. I appreciated the courtesy of the caretaker, who, having no one to send around with me and hearing that I was a professor, gave me his pass-key. With this 'Open Sesame' we looked into the class rooms and visited the auditorium, which can seat eight hundred people and which is built like a theatre with galleries along the walls. The University of Munich ranks among the best in Germany, although no academic hierarchy exists and no one university outranks the others. For instance, a professor at Heidelberg, Munich, or Leipzig may refuse a chair at Berlin, while a teacher may ask to leave the Prussian capital for some other place of learning. Notices have been put up in the corridors, by various student societies, one of which violently demands the exclusion of Jews. Farther along a placard from the students of Vienna invites Germans to visit the Austrian capital, and to help its captive students, who are forced to fight for a national character and are forbidden to ally themselves to the German fatherland. We end our afternoon in the English garden, with its vast lawns and venerable trees. Near a hill topped by a Chinese temple and pagoda whole families sit at tables in the *Biergarten*, listening to airs from 'Martha' while they slowly sip their steins of nectar.

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The people of Munich are calm, cordial, and good-humored to a degree, and seem very remote from the feverish life of Strasbourg. The same restful atmosphere, which prevails everywhere,—in the streets, the stores, and on the trolleys,—giving a foretaste of the Mediterranean, arises from a conception of life that belongs to Munich alone.

Every German's view of the world is certainly determined by the kingdom of sound, and music is the sovereign power which both shapes and discloses his soul. German genius has found in music the sublime faculty, unknown to other peoples, of expressing the unfathomable, and it has made of music a philosophy of the unconscious. But such music holds surprises, for from a tender, sentimental adagio it sometimes passes to sudden explosions of trumpets, drums, and cymbals. And the same thing is true of the German soul. Let us not be deceived by it.

RETRIBUTION

By G. W. Russell (Æ)

From the *Irish Statesman*

The soul into itself withdraws, thinking on all
The gay, heroical ardors it forsook, the years
That were made over sweet with passion, the tears
Love wept, dying of its own fullness, and the fall
Into the deep where the seven unholy spirits conspire
Against the Holy Ones, turning the sky-born fire
Unto infernal uses, feeding beauty to the beast.
Remembering the dark rapture that was born of the feast,
It dreads the everlasting fire, the torment of sense.
Oh, unhappy, the judge is not without thee but within,
Who shall condemn thee, as retribution for thy sin,
To the consuming fire of thine own penitence.

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AS OTHERS SEE US

America and the World Court

AMERICA'S FIRST STEP toward joining the World Court has not been hailed as an act of great daring by any substantial part of the European press. 'Pertinax,' writing in the *Echo de Paris*, gives a thorough explanation of all the safeguards that the Root formula provides and finally arrives at these conclusions:—

> This compromise arrangement clearly shows that the United States has taken every precaution and that it is more than eager to act as judge, but that it does not promise to allow itself to be judged or even to be affected by a judgment. For that reason, these details, in spite of their somewhat technical character, ought to be published in order to dispel the illusions that thousands of orators are spouting every day. We hear people praising to the skies the fifteen signatures affixed last September to the protocol calling for compulsory jurisdiction, but these enthusiasts forget that certain considerable reservations are involved. For instance, most signatories do not submit to the Court 'situations and facts anterior to the ratification,' in other words conflicts arising from international actions of the past ten years, or, in still other words, almost every conflict imaginable. Moreover, before the Court is consulted, the League Council must have exhausted all its own procedure of conciliation. We have not yet arrived at the reign of pure justice. Far from it.

Englishmen in America

SOON AFTER Lord Birkenhead returned to England from his visit to the United States he delivered a speech at Oxford in which he took considerable pains to discount the fact that many Englishmen and Americans dislike each other. Such a statement, coming as it did from a prominent politician who has been known to denounce publicly certain American policies, was somewhat startling, and the *Manchester Guardian* offers this comment:—

> The average English visitor to the United States is shocked to find himself regarded as a foreigner. He had hoped to be regarded as an elder brother, and to extend a cultured tolerance toward his juniors. Then he discovers that Englishmen are not merely regarded as foreigners, but often as a particularly obnoxious breed of alien. He is surprised to find that his elder-brotherly tolerance is construed as offensive patronage. He returns with a feeling that an incomprehensible gulf divides the ordinary Englishman from the ordinary American, and mounts the nearest rostrum in order to convince himself and others that all sorts of reasons exist why the English-speaking peoples should fall upon each other's necks. Cynical French journalists are always suggesting that it only needs one more international peace conference for war to break out immediately. In the same way, all this emphasis on Anglo-American friendliness is exaggerated. Privileged travelers would do better to try and explain misunderstandings than merely to deny them.

A Communist View of Wall Street

THE COLLAPSE IN WALL STREET has given the Communist press in Europe a welcome opportunity to crow over the failure of American prosperity.

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In France, for instance, *L'Humanité*, after indulging in a certain amount of I-told-you-so byplay, turns its attention to André Tardieu, who, like many other European statesmen, has held up the prosperity of the United States as a mark for his own country to shoot at:—

> Fear of an economic crisis, agricultural overproduction, and frenzied stockjobbing which was extending down to the working class itself are undoubtedly the causes of this unprecedented catastrophe. In the light of the present crisis, all thoughtful workers will realize now how precarious was this condition of prosperity, which was founded on a condition of dreadful poverty among the most exploited elements in the working and peasant classes. The world has never seen such a complete debacle, and, in spite of the most desperate efforts on the part of the Morgans and of the great industrialists, the panic remains formidable. In Wall Street nothing is heard but wailing and gnashing of teeth, for hundreds of thousands of little speculators have been hit, and they are now lamenting the loss of their illusion that an easy existence could be gained without effort through playing the stock market. Yet it is precisely at this moment that Tardieu in the name of French imperialism extols the excellence of American methods. It is at just this juncture that he is singing optimistic praises of the future of capitalism. But the result of applying American formulas is now clearly apparent to the workers. They can now see what will happen as a result of French capitalism's adopting American methods, and they can see not only the exploitation and depression involved, but also the full consequences of frenzied speculation.

Mexico Looks at Haiti

AMERICA'S MILITARY OCCUPATION of Haiti culminating in the recent activities of the United States Marines has been finding very little sympathy south of the Rio Grande. *El Universal*, a leading Mexico City daily, urges all the nations of Latin America to stir up public opinion in behalf of the Haitian people, asserting that the North Americans have been fomenting the disturbances. The paragraphs dealing with the Kellogg Pact and the League of Nations are particularly worth quoting:—

> For one thing, the Haitian Republic belongs by its own right to the League of Nations, but it is perhaps even more ironical that the same martyred country should also have signed the Kellogg Pact. Nor is this all. On the same tragic day when American bullets were mowing down strikers and autonomists, Secretary Stimson emphatically declared that the United States is to join the Court of International Justice and he took occasion at the same time to announce that this tribunal now possesses a more vital importance than ever before, owing to the fact that nearly all the nations in the world have renounced war as an instrument of national policy and have bound themselves to settle all conflicts by judicial means. And finally, as if this were not enough, Secretary Stimson adds that the necessity of establishing definite standards of international conduct is becoming increasingly urgent.
>
> But, when we remember Haiti and Nicaragua, these words are a form of self-slander, because foreign intervention amounts to the same thing as a state of war. In a country where an explosion may occur at any moment, it is impossible not to recognize that war is being used to maintain a Government that is Nationalist in name only. And we are confident that a great part of American opinion, anxious for peaceful understanding, will agree with our ideas.

Americanizing the Alphabet

MR. GORDON PHILLIPS, who writes light verse in the Gilbertian manner under the pen name of 'Lucio,' has found inspiration for his muse in a news item announcing that the old-fashioned rhymed alphabet books are to be superseded in certain American schools by more up-to-date guides to literacy. 'In future,' so ran the dispatch, '*A*, instead of standing for acorn or

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apple pie, will stand for adding machines and axles, and other letters will have similarly practical significance.' Always ready, as the true British gentleman should be, to assist an American in distress, Mr. Phillips therefore offers this suggestion of his own:—

Come here, little fathead, and sit down by me,
And let us run over your new A B C,
Whereby we impress on the immature mind
Some facts of a modern, more practical kind.

A is for Axle and Adding Machine;
B is for Bankrupt, who hasn't a Bean;
C is for Carbon, Crank, Car, Carburetor,
D's for Debenture or Dollar or Debtor;
E's for Exchequer and office Equipment,
F is the Freight on a Foreigner's shipment;
G is for Gasoline, Gadget, and Gear,
H is the Hooter or Horn that we Hear;
I is for Inquest (as everyone knows);
J is the Joy-ride from which it arose;
K is for Kinema, Keyboard, and Keel;
L is for Limousine, wealth at the wheel;
M is for Money (and never you doubt it!);
N is the Nothing you count for without it;
O's Overdrawn, an embarrassing state,
P is the Payment that Puts the thing straight;
Q is for Quota and Quorum and Quid—
R is for Rum sort of terms for a kid;
S is the Screen that is Silent and mute;
T is the Talkies now hot in pursuit;
U is for Usury, not a nice word,
Value received would perhaps be preferred;
W stands for this World and its Ways;
X, I imagine, is merely X-rays;
Y is for Yen, which the Japanese chink,
And Z is for Zeppelin, Zion, and Zinc.

The ground is thus covered from A unto Zed,
So get all these facts in your silly young head;
And when you have finished you should be a more
Inquisitive nuisance than ever before.

Kellogg in Oxford

THE DAY THAT OXFORD awarded an honorary LL.D. degree to Frank B. Kellogg for his services in behalf of world peace, the London *Times* carried an editorial praising the former American secretary of state. After hailing the pact that bears Mr. Kellogg's name as 'the crowning achievement of the past ten years,' the *Times* pays this tribute to its principal author:—

Well before the idea that war should be excluded universally from all legitimate political reckoning had germinated in exchanges between the French and American Governments, Mr. Kellogg had established himself here in the trust and friendship of the English people. He had also illustrated again for every student of the subject the inexhaustible vagaries and paradox of public life. Just when his own career seemed to be broken, possibly forever, a kinder fate was arranging that to his intimate knowledge of the American Senate he should add a direct experience of English and of European affairs in the American Embassy in London. As ambassador he did everything to restore a full and fruitful reciprocity of good feeling between his people and ours. Recalled to Washington, he became a secretary of state strongly qualified to give a new, constructive turn to his country's foreign policy and, as it may well prove, a new turn to the world's thought on war and peace. The man to whose credit so much can be placed, and to whose honor England is glad to speak to-day, would not boast statecraft in its more magniloquent forms. Essentially there is nothing grandiose in the pact and there is nothing grandiose in its principal author. But his quiet and sterling characteristics are enough to account largely for the hopeful epoch which Britain and America have reached, just as they account all-sufficiently for the public tribute that Oxford has prepared for him.

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WAR AND PEACE

Of course, it is not at present in the realm of reality, but these conferences, such as we held at Geneva and Washington and now in London, are doing much to teach people the benefits of disarmament. Total abolition of armaments would be a great step forward in human progress and should be, I believe, the ultimate aim of all nations.—*Reijiro Wakatsuki, former Premier of Japan and head of Japanese Naval Delegation to London.*

We are too apt to forget that we owe nothing less than our lives to the Royal Navy, and that, as these islands can no longer feed themselves, we might, but for the benevolent shadow of its protection, be starved into famine and headlong surrender. And, if such things are forgotten in England, where the circumambient waves whisper a warning eternally in the ears of those who listen, they are also apt to be forgotten in the more Continental parts of the British Empire.—*'Morning Post,' London Tory Daily.*

Civilization and war cannot exist longer in the same world.—*Professor Gilbert Murray of Oxford University.*

Mr. Hoover wins our admiration above all because of his courage. Never having played a part in politics at home, he has yet stood out against the 'party bosses' and has shown more initiative than any other president of recent years. The references in his speech to the cost of the defense forces of the United States were particularly frank. They were also well timed. He pointed out that the expenditure on defense has risen from $267,000,000 in 1914 to over $730,000,000 this year, and that, if the present programmes are carried out, even this figure will soon be considerably increased. Although the United States is undoubtedly less likely to be a victim of aggression than any other Great Power in the world, the total number of officers and men, including reserves, has increased from just under 300,000 in 1914 to 728,000 in 1929; and, in Mr. Hoover's own words, 'the total of our expenditure is in excess of those of the most highly militarized nations in the world.' We call attention to these figures in no spirit of self-justification for our own defense expenditure, but because no real reduction is possible until facts are faced squarely on both sides of the Atlantic.—*'Saturday Review,' London Conservative Weekly.*

Nobody and nothing threatens the United States. What physical, moral, or political necessity, then, enjoins that it should have as many as, or more ships than England? Yet the alternative is indicated in the President's message that there must be either limitation of armaments or rivalry in construction, with the United States sure to win as it has more money. What a singular preparation such an imperious alternative is for the London conference.—*Jacques Bainville, French historian and frequent contributor to Nationalist journals.*

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Views & Reviews

DIANA. *By Emil Ludwig. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. New York: The Viking Press. 1929. 2 vols. $5.00.*

ROMANCE of the tuppence-ha'penny variety is apparently not dead yet, and with Herr Ludwig's tender nursing she may live for many years; for Ludwig is past master in the art of infusing life into romantic claptrap. He builds his tale of politics as a pretty play of princes, ministers, and diplomats, all controlled by a gorgeous woman of keen intellect and rather promiscuous freedom, with a small amount of dueling and an overdose of philandering thrown in for good measure. He holds these materials together rather weakly with a collection of *bons mots* and small talk that for plain senselessness and stupidity is almost beyond belief.

Diana is a novel of these proportions: We have, set up and manipulated about the stage for our amusement, one modernized version of a petty German prince; several diplomats of the old school; one financial power; one Russian socialist; two poets, one of these of the long-haired variety; one general spectator; and Diana—Diana, the beautiful and exquisite ten-cent-store lover of truth, beauty, freedom, and men. She is the divine huntress, for Herr Ludwig would have us believe that she is learned, witty, intelligent, generous, and, above all, free; she travels over the Continent having pretty and high-minded affairs with diplomats and poets, always emphasizing her freedom by flying away once she has given herself to a man.

Diana de Wassilko is the daughter of an obscure Polish archæologist of vast and rather doubtful learning. We first meet her when she has just loved and left a beautiful young poet, Andreas Seeland, amid the beautifully sensuous surroundings of one of the Italian lakes. Having lost this means of support, she hires herself out to a certain Herr Scherer, a newspaper owner and general of finance in Berlin, as confidential agent to investigate conditions in the Balkans. While there, she falls in love with an ambassador, an antique Don Juan somewhat stiff in

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the joints. Indirectly this affair is the cause of a duel which results in his death, and that is that.

This brings us to the second volume, which is principally taken up with a Mediterranean cruise on Scherer's yacht with Diana as the only woman, chaperoned, however, by five men: Scherer; the other poet, Wilhelm; the Russian socialist, Dr. Kyril Sergievich; Prince Eduard; and the spectator, Franklin. First she gives herself to Wilhelm on a mountain top in Greece because of his dynamic maleness.

'"You are so gentle and kindly, Wilhelm, and you taste like strawberries."

'"You are the most beautiful of women, Diana, and Wilhelm is the happiest of mortals," and he quietly began to unfasten her dress.'

Then to Scherer because she happens to feel like it. After that she 'gives the gate' to both of them. In the end she makes a morganatic marriage with Prince Eduard, the younger son of a petty reigning house, whose father and older brothers Herr Ludwig kills off at one fell swoop, the brothers in a motor accident and the father as a result of the shock. She really loved Eduard, and the marriage being morganatic she is still morally free.

Herr Ludwig has created for himself and his readers a musical-comedy Europe with all the seriousness of a social historian and without any of the lightness and gayety of the music hall. The conversation and description in the novel are childish; we are treated to long discussions about Bach, Beethoven, and Phœnician glass that are not only inane but phrased in epigrams that have neither aptness nor point; there are scraps of sophisticated badinage that cause the reader to snicker immoderately. The descriptions of romantic and awe-inspiring scenes would dwarf Matt Lewis's wildest flights. As for the characters, there is not a spark of life in any of them. One has the impression of hearing over the radio a play in which the dialogue is carried on by means of a number of phonographs. In fact, the novel reads like a burlesque on the combined writings of Matt Lewis, Michael Arlen, and E. Phillips Oppenheim.

LAWRENCE H. BLOEDEL

AMERICA SET FREE. *By Count Hermann Keyserling. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1929. $5.00.*

WHAT COUNT KEYSERLING has written here 'is not a book *on* America but *about* Americans' and it would be a fatal error, as he himself suggests, if we were to take it seriously. 'During my travels about the country,' he confesses, 'I guarded myself with almost old-maidish precision against information. . . . I preserved as much as possible the same purely receptive and inward-bent attitude which in times past resulted in the *Travel Diary*. . . . But all the same I am far from sure that I have hit upon the truth all the time.' He was handicapped, he continues, by having stayed far too long in the United States—'fully four months'—and for a man who depends exclusively on the intuitive faculty, which, with rare humor, the Count believes to be the one necessary attribute of the philosopher, this complicates matters tremendously. Nevertheless, the difficulties of his task never dampen his gayety, though his initial diffidence is soon replaced by an exhibition of conceit that is unfortunately far too extended and monotonous to be quite as funny as he doubtless intended it to be.

The opening section, entitled 'The American Scene,' consists of a spate of unrelated generalizations, whose only common denominator is that they all represent ideas that have passed at one time or another through the Keyserling cranium. 'The only really cultural atmosphere one finds to-day in the United States is that of Virginia. The cultured men who were born in that field of influence are responsible for most of what is of cultural value throughout the entire territory of the great Federation.' Such preposterous statements are varied, however, with others, rather more intelligent: 'It struck me from the beginning as a remarkable fact that American radicals—the word taken in its European sense—do not seem to feel responsible; neither do they seem to take their criticism very seriously, nor even themselves. The reason is that their position in life is very much the same as that of the court jester during the Middle Ages. The significance of the court jester was not that he was a fool—usually he was even the wisest man at the court

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—but that his wisdom was without any power or influence.' And the following observation is entirely delightful: 'One of the joys of my life is to read American statistics: they never prove a single vital thing, because in the domain of life significance creates the facts and, therefore, the deductions at which American scientists arrive are as often as not as irrational and thrilling as fairy tales.' Psychology, a word that he runs into the ground as the book proceeds, he mocks at in the person of John Dewey, whom he describes as the 'Anti-Babbitt,' standing, however, for 'psychology bent on education' and living, therefore, on the Babbitt plane and not in the loftier realms of European philosophy.

In the second and longer portion, devoted to 'American Problems,' the same disorder prevails. The chapter on 'Youthfulness' asserts—which, to Keyserling's mind, is the same thing as proving—that the old-fashioned America which Uncle Sam, Daniel Boone, John D. Rockefeller, and Thomas Edison typify, is an aged type, and that the new generation of Americans finds its symbol in Lindbergh, the 'chauffeur type,' who is driving the country rapidly toward a new Dark Age. The next chapter, on the 'Animal Ideal,' suggests that Americans are so busy raising material standards that they have ignored the things of the spirit—and that Christian Science is their reward. The following chapter, 'Socialism,' dwells on the intense social consciousness of Americans, while the chapter on 'Privatism,' a word of Count Keyserling's own, expounds the eighteenth-century code of individualism that still persists in the United States. These two notions naturally lead to certain contradictions which are easily avoided by the judicious use of the word, 'paradox,' frequently modified by the adjective, 'seeming.' Life is too short for us to summarize the remaining chapters here, but their titles may give some clue as to their content: 'The Overrated Child,' 'Predominant Woman,' 'Democracy,' 'Morality,' 'Culture,' and 'Spirituality.' Briefly, Count Keyserling feels that America is dominated by women, but that the salvation of the country will come from woman's own realization of this fact, which will be expressed in the way she brings up her sons. Toward the end, he has a number of trite but sensible things to say about culture and the importance of spiritual values, but he lacks entirely the ability to make a synthesis. And the reason, one suspects, is that he really has nothing whatever to synthesize.

Q. H.

THE PRESENT JURIDICAL STATUS OF THE BRITISH DOMINIONS IN INTERNATIONAL LAW. *By P. J. Noel Baker. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1929. $7.50.*

If nonresidents of the United States have been unable to understand the relation of the several states to our national government, then indeed must non-Britishers have difficulty in understanding the position of the British Dominions in international affairs. The report of the Inter-Imperial Relations Committee to the Imperial Conference of 1926 states that: 'They [the Dominions] are autonomous communities within the British Empire, equal in status, in no way subordinate one to another in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs, though united by a common allegiance to the Crown and fully associated as members of the British Commonwealth of Nations.'

The existence of seven entities each with its own constitution and governor, its own legations and consular officers, having the power to make treaties, and, in general, all the rights of independent nations, united under one Crown to which they owe allegiance, creates a fascinating field for study and discussion. Professor Baker has made the approach to the subject especially interesting by briefly setting forth the historical and political happenings that have with ever increasing rapidity tended to shape the course of the Dominions.

The admission of the Dominion Delegations to the Peace Conference in 1918 and of the Dominions to the League of Nations as separate members were the decisive steps in the development of their international status. That development was first fully appreciated

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by outside powers when the United States accredited ministers directly to Dublin and Ottawa. The United States in 1929 furnished another example of the expansion of dominion autonomy by conferring solely with the Canadian Government in the *I'm Alone* incident, which involved such subjects of international law as the 'limitations of territorial waters' and the 'right of hot pursuit,' in which the British Government was obviously interested.

Professor Baker has set forth in this volume the conflicting theories expressed on the matters discussed, has searched out their weaknesses, and set forth his conclusions.

FRANÇOIS RABELAIS, MAN OF THE RENAISSANCE. *By Samuel Putnam. New York: Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith. 1929. $3.50.*

Dr. Francis Rabelais has at last emerged from a tortuous mass of legend, wrong-headed scholarship, and misinterpretation of what few facts we have concerning him.

Samuel Putnam has effectively routed the traditional notion of Rabelais as Rabelaisian; he is no longer the raucous chronicler of pothouse argument and horseplay, but an artist of supreme ability; humanist, physician extraordinary, and Renaissance dilettante, eager in the acquisition of a vast assortment of learning and information. Above all, being an artist of rare skill, he has given us an almost perfect picture of Renaissance France. Whatever is bibulous and crude in Rabelais is a product of his age and not of his mind. This 'learned merry Andrew' will stand out in the future as the first French realist, who did French literature much the same service as Dante did the Italian language.

Mr. Putnam's scholarship and 'research work' are of an unusually fine order. He has collected an appalling amount of fact and information relative to the merry doctor's life and work, all of which has required for interpretation a long period of painstaking and intelligent study to separate fact from fancy and truth from tradition. The result is an illuminating presentation of a figure who has received very rough treatment indeed from the hands of time. Unfortunately, Mr. Putnam's writing is chaotic to the point of producing a splitting headache in a conscientious reader, but what the book is and does is worth the headache.

ENGLISH HUMOUR. *By J. B. Priestley. London, New York, and Toronto: Longmans, Green & Co. 1929. $1.40.*

This volume is Mr. Priestley's contribution to the 'English Heritage Series,' and a very good contribution it is. The subject is one he is particularly well fitted for, since he is a very English Englishman with a rather keen sense of humor. The whole field of English humor, as expressed in painting, the graphic arts, the theatre, and literature, has been covered—rather cursorily, it is true, but that is not the author's fault; the physical limitations imposed on him are very confining, and within these limitations he has done exceedingly well. Separate chapters are devoted to Lamb, Dickens, and Shakespeare.

THE DUK-DUKS. *By Elizabeth Anne Weber. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1929. $3.00.*

Dr. Weber's study is, by her own admission, a study in primitive and historic types of citizenship as exemplified primarily in such customs as tribal and society initiation. The title is perhaps unfortunate, inasmuch as the author has used it as a general symbol of the business of preparing the young men and girls of a tribe or nation for mature social coöperation, the Duk-Duk society being rather more special than general in its purpose and make-up. Dr. Weber has described accurately and well the various types of initiatory ceremonies and customs from the primitive through the Greek and Roman to the mediæval, with the religious and social bases and implications of each. From this point she goes on to draw conclusions.

Inquiry into primitive customs requires a broadly intelligent insight as much as accurate observation of detail. In attempting to draw out of her study some meaning for modern times, Dr. Weber fails to realize that primitive ceremonies of initiation, while socializing in result, have their basic moving power in religion rather than in social welfare. By her failure to understand this basic distinction she endows the results of her study with a false relation to modern life.

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